THE WOLF 2006

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY NEW ORLEANS

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PHOTO BY HAROLD BAQUET

Cars sit submerged in the Ninth Ward near the Industrial Canal.

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LOYOLA UNIVERSITY NEW ORLEANS

It was the storm decades of New Orleanians feared. More than one million people evacuated the metro area in anticipation of the worst-case scenario: an underwater New Orleans.

It seemed like the city had dodged another bullet when Hurricane Katrina made a last-minute jog to the east of the city, sparing it from a direct hit by a strong Category 3 storm.

But just as soon as word spread that the city was spared, word came that key levees had failed, inundating 75 percent of the city with 20 feet of water in some places.

What was supposed to be a two-day delay for the start of the fall 2005 semester turned into a lost semester. Loyola University remained closed until mid-October, and classes weren't held on the campus until January 2006.

Documented in the following pages are just some of the stories from Loyola students, faculty and staff who lived through Hurricane Katrina and its aftermath.

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PHOTO COURTESY OF LOYOLA

A letter from the president

The Rev. Kevin Wildes, S.J.

Dear Members of the Loyola University Community,

This has been an extraordinary year!

Every one of us has stories to tell. We have stories about where you were on August 29. There are stories about what you did during Katrina and stories about what you did after Katrina.

There are stories about where you went to school in the fall. There are stories that illustrate the petty levels and great heights that human beings can attain.

This edition of "The Wolf" will help you remember your stories and the stories of others. It will be an important source for you as you grow older and the distance between you and the events of this year grows greater. It will be a book, I think, whose value will increase in time. It will be more important with the passage of time.

I should point out, however, that the stories of this year, your lives, and Loyola are far from over. The university is a living community that is growing, developing and evolving.

While some of you are leaving Loyola, your graduation will be a change in your relationship to the university. I hope that as alumni you will remain active and involved in the life of the university. As the university changes and develops, I hope that you will remain a part of it and stay involved in its evolving life. The future of the university is bright as we build on our strengths to become even stronger. We look forward to you being a part of that future.

With prayers and best wishes,

Kevin Wm. Wildes, S.J., Ph.D. April 3, 2006

PHOTO BY HAROLD BAQUET

The wind-torn roof of the Superdome dominates the New Orleans skyline after Hurricane Katrina washed ashore. The dome was used as a shelter of last resort for thousands of New Orleanians.

OVERTOPPED AND OVERWHELMED

By Chuck Alexander and Gene Guillot

It was born out of a large wave and the splinters of a failed storm. It would grow into the costliest and one of the five deadliest hurricanes ever to hit the United States. In the beginning, however, it was a wave just like any other.

Hurricane Katrina began its path in the Caribbean, just north of the Leeward Islands, on late Thursday, Aug. 18, 2005. According to the National Hurricane Center, a tropical wave moving north through the islands merged with the remnants of Tropical Depression 10, forming a large area of showers and thunderstorms north of Puerto Rico.

This system continued to move slowly northwestward, passing north of Hispaniola and then consolidating just east of the Turks and Caicos Islands during the afternoon of Monday, Aug. 22.

As the storm further developed and moved westward toward Florida, the westerly winds that had dissipated Tropical Depression 10 weakened, allowing the system to develop into a tropical

Seventy-five percent of New Orleans was submerged when key levees broke in various spots of the city after Hurricane Katrina.

PHOTO BY HAROLD BAQUET

depression at about 6 p.m. on Tuesday. The depression, which was designated Tropical Depression 12, was about 175 nautical miles southeast of Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas.

By Tuesday evening, the depression was continuing to organize itself, and the air got hot; as the air heated, it began to rise overnight, forming a well-defined band on the northern side of the storm. Wind levels rose. By noon the next day, the cyclone became Katrina, the 11th tropical storm of the 2005 Atlantic hurricane season. This was Wednesday, Aug. 24.

It would grow into the costliest and one of the five deadliest hurricanes ever to hit the United States. In the beginning, however, it was a wave just like any other.

By late afternoon on Thursday, Katrina had developed an inner core and began following a wind system, which turned it westward toward southern Florida. The storm continued to strengthen.

By 9 p.m., Katrina is estimated to have reached hurricane status. Less than two hours later, the storm's center had made landfall on the southeastern coast of Florida.

Four days before Katrina hit New Orleans, Loyola stu-

PHOTO BY HAROLD BAQUET

Soldiers hand out food and water. The National Guard was a major force in helping secure the city.

dents, faculty and staff were going through the regular motions of the week before the start of another school year. Clubs had organizational meetings, residents moved their belongings into dorm rooms and students searched for their semester textbooks in the bookstore. Everyone was preparing for Monday and the beginning of the Fall 2005 semester. Though the Gulf Coast was in the peak of hurricane season, at Loyola a hurricane might have been the last thing on anyone's mind.

University police officer Maurice Mahé anticipated the worst from Katrina. "It's a big one, this Katrina, and many will die. ... Forecasters were saying that this was to be the worst storm to hit the Gulf Coast in recorded history."

At 10:30 p.m. Thursday, Hurricane Katrina came ashore near the border of Miami-Dade and Broward Counties. With maximum sustained winds of 70 mph, the hurricane registered as a Category 1 on the Saffir-Simpson Hurricane Scale.

According to the Miami National Weather Service Doppler radar, a well-defined eye became evident just prior to landfall. The eye, which became more defined as it moved inland, remained intact during its entire track across the peninsula.

In New Orleans, there was notice, but barely any concern over the newly-formed hurricane just off the coast of Florida. Forecasters did project it to sweep into the Gulf of Mexico, but early projections saw it curving up into the Florida panhandle. Few could have predicted its turn.

PHOTO BY HAROLD BAQUET

The Wal-Mart on Tchoupitoulas Street served as the home to the New Orleans Police Department's sixth district officers.

PHOTO BY HAROLD BAQUET

The Army Corps of Engineers constructed temporary levees to stop flooding after the floodwalls on the London Avenue canal collapsed. The breach was one of seven in the metro area.

As the storm passed over the water-laden Everglades, Doppler radars indicated that Katrina weakened to a tropical storm. Six hours after it made landfall in eastern Florida, the center of Tropical Storm Katrina emerged into the southeastern Gulf of Mexico where, by 6 a.m., it had regained hurricane status. This was Friday, Aug. 26.

"The vents on the roof were ripped off leaving a six by eight foot hole in the roof and the sky lights caved in. The pool was overflowing and many of us were worried that it could not take the additional weight and would collapse."

Friday night's growing concern became even worse by Saturday morning. By then, school had become the last thought on people's minds. Forecasters had New Orleans directly in the path of the ever-growing storm. Many hoped that this was just another scare for New Orleans, but others weren't taking any chances. Some people hoarded water and batteries, and some people boarded up windows and doors; in the end, many people got out of town, but a sizable amount still remained. On campus, university officials, police and physical plant workers prepared for the worst.

University police officer Maurice Mahé anticipated the worst from Katrina. "It's a big one, this Katrina, and many will die," he wrote in his journal late Friday. "Forecasters were saying that this was to be the worst storm to hit the Gulf Coast in recorded history."

By noon on Saturday, Katrina had become a Category 3 hurricane with sustainable winds of up to 120 mph. The storm was 365 nautical miles southeast of the mouth of the Mississippi River.

As it churned through the gulf, the storm began to intensify and an outer eyewall began to form. The storm was growing rapidly. By the end of the day, Katrina had doubled in size. Tropical storm-force winds extended up to 140 nautical miles from the storm's eye.

As Katrina intensified, a mid-latitude trough of wind began moving the storm toward the northwest, where it hit portions of western Cuba with tropical storm-force winds.

Saturday became a day of calls for evacuation that caused the interstates and highways to become gridlocked, although contra-flow did help ease congestion as compared to previous evacuations. Gas pump lines stretched around corners.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is not a test. This is the real deal," Mayor Ray Nagin said in a televised news conference.

For the first time, a mandatory evacuation for the city of New Orleans was in place.

At Loyola, the university had student residents evacuated to Baton Rouge.

The Rev. Kevin Wildes, S.J., university president, decided to stay on campus to ride out the storm with the remaining employees. Despite the sunny, clear skies, Mahé continued to fear the possible destruction. "I'm worried. ... The university is usually crawling with squirrels. I've not seen a squirrel all day, or any birds. ... This is a really bad sign," he wrote.

During his Saturday afternoon shift, Mahé helped check and secure all the buildings on campus. In the rest of the city, people were left with a decision: get out or ride out the storm despite Nagin's warnings.

PHOTO BY HAROLD BAQUET

An overturned construction barrel serves as a weapon repository on Loyola's campus for the National Guard.

By midnight on Sunday, the eyewall had contracted into a sharply-defined ring. The storm had intensified from a Category 3 hurricane to a Category 5 during the day; it was roughly 250 miles south-southeast of the mouth of the Mississippi River. By 6 p.m., the storm had reached its peak intensity, with winds up to 175 mph. The storm's pressure fell to 902 mb, the fifth lowest pressure on record; Katrina was 170 nautical miles southeast of the mouth of the Mississippi River.

On Sunday, citizens of New Orleans and the country became increasingly aware that Katrina was headed to create havoc for the city and the Gulf Coast. Some still refused to evacuate and hunkered down in their residences.

President Bush declared the area a pre-disaster area. Mahé noted that in his journal as well as FEMA's declaration.

"FEMA says it will be on the ground and running within twenty-four hours after the storm."

Mahé had hoped that the university would tell him to evacuate, but that call did not come. He arrived at Loyola at 11 a.m. on Sunday knowing that he would ride out the storm there.

"Katrina is now a Category 5 storm with maximum sustained winds of over 165 mph and headed straight for the mouth of the Mississippi River. ... Conditions are worsening. It has been raining off and on for hours. This is due to the feeder bands of the storm," he wrote Sunday night.

A common site in New Orleans for weeks after the storm, the corner of St. Claude Avenue and Tennessee

As Katrina crept closer to the Mississippi River, the eyewall began to erode on its southern side. The storm had weakened slighty as it began to turn northward toward the northern Gulf Coast. At 6:10 a.m., Aug. 29, Hurricane Katrina made landfall in Plaquemines Parish, just south of Buras. The estimated central pressure, 920 mb, was the third lowest landfall pressure on record in the United States. The intensity was that of a strong Category 3 hurricane with estimated maximum sustained winds of 140 mph. The storm continued northward and at 10 a.m. made its final landfall near the mouth of the Pearl River, with maximum sustained winds of near 125 mph — still a Category 3.

While Wildes stayed in Mercy Hall, Mahé, other officers and their families settled in the Recreational Sports Complex late Sunday night. Mahé was awoken at 4 a.m. by the sound of breaking glass. The glass breaking came from Tulane's Lindy Boggs Building. The Rec-

Street became a virtual river.

PHOTO BY HAROLD BAQUET

Plex received some damage where Mahé and the others were. They switched location to the fourth floor, a parking level.

"The vents on the roof were ripped off leaving a six by eight foot hole in the roof and the sky lights caved in. The pool was overflowing and many of us were worried that it could not take the additional weight and would collapse," Mahé wrote.

The storm had begun at Loyola.

As Katrina rumbled ashore, it brought with it an enormous storm surge from the Gulf of Mexico. This influx of water, as much as 25 feet in some areas, coupled with the rising tide of Lake Borgne was enough to overtop several levees in the Plaquemines Parish area — numerous breaches began to appear.

The storm, which had taken a slight eastward turn, spared the greater New Orleans area the full brunt of the Category 3-force winds, but the counterclockwise direction of the storm winds were producing something many predicted and even more feared: a storm surge to-

PHOTO BY HAROLD BAQUET

A fire hydrant peaks above the water left behind from levee breaches in New Orleans.

PHOTO BY HAROLD BAQUET

Monroe Library went from housing books to housing soldiers. Several buildings on campus housed National Guard members helping with the relief effort.

ward the south shore of Lake Pontchartrain.

Some levees had already begun to overtop in portions of eastern New Orleans. The lake was rising.

As Katrina passed west of the city, the surge waters of Lake Borgne were driven onto the east flank of the New Orleans flood protection system. The surge, estimated at roughly 18 to 25 feet, easily cleared the levee by at least five to 10 feet. The levee system protecting St. Bernard Parish and the Ninth Ward was overtopped.

By 7:30 a.m., the Louisiana Emergency Operations center received unconfirmed reports from Jefferson Parish of significant flooding in the east

and along the lakefront, according to the Congressional report on Katrina.

As the storm surge progressed toward the city, water from the gulf and Lake Borgne intersected near the Mississippi River Gulf Outlet and the Gulf Intracoastal Waterway. The massive tides and storm winds created a funnel directing storm surges westward and into the New Orleans Industrial Canal. The pressure had begun to build; it was only a matter of time.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is not a test. This is the real deal," Mayor Ray Nagin said in a televised news conference.

At 8:14 a.m., the National Weather Service issued a flash-flood warning. The Industrial Canal had breached.

By 9 a.m., the level of storm surge from Lake Pontchartrain had reached its peak at the 17th Street Canal. More than 10 feet of surge began to pour over the levee and seep in from the soft clay underbelly of the canal.

At approximately 10:15 a.m., a little more than an hour after its peak surge, a 200-foot section of levee slid sideways approximately 35 feet — a pressure burst.

The 17th Street Canal had been breached.

In the aftermath of Katrina, thousands of New Orleanians were displaced or stranded in a city that saw 75 percent of its surface area flooded. Many of those who stayed had to be rescued from rooftops; for some, there was no rescuing. Many were stuck at the Superdome without enough food and water for days. These images, primitive and brutal, were displayed throughout the nation for all to witness.

The story of Hurricane Katrina is one of human tragedy.

But the story of New Orleans and its people is a story of perseverance amidst trial, hope amidst tragedy and spirit amongst ruin.

In the city, residents who stayed refused to let their home be forgotten.

At Loyola, university officials weren't about to let a hurricane stop the academic institution from functioning.

In Alexandria, Wildes set up temporary offices along with other important university officials to run the school's operations and plan for a return to New Orleans.

Dean of the School of Law Brian Bromberger was welcomed by the University of Houston to not only set up operations but also have a full semester for the law students.

Students themselves helped keep the spirit of Loyola alive by enrolling in more than 400 universities and colleges across the country. Ninety-two percent of students returned to campus for the Spring 2006 semester.

All in all, Hurricane Katrina has become the story of our lives. It is the story we will relive every Aug. 29 and the story we will tell our children and grandchildren. In the following pages, you will read the stories and see the images of what happened to members of our community. Some are heartbreaking and devastating, some are uplifting and others are somewhere in between. •

THE KATRINA CHRONOLOGIES: STORIES OF A LIFETIME

PHOTO BY ALETHIA PICCIOLA

Members of the National Guard pose in front of Marquette Hall. PHOTO BY HAROLD BAQUET

On Loyola's campus, Wildes gets lesson in survival

University president rode out storm in Mercy Hall

By Gene Guillot

As he had been doing every so often that Sunday night and Monday morning, the Rev. Kevin Wildes, S.J., left his place of refuge to survey the state of the storm. He went down the hall from the mattress he had set on the first floor of Mercy Hall and walked out the door facing the campus.

He noticed the strength of the wind as it beat against the structures and swept up objects from the ground. He felt the wind and rain pound him as he tried to get a sense of the vastness of what a major hurricane can do as it sweeps across land.

Wildes, who was starting his second year as Loyola's president, had always thought that if a major storm came barreling into the city, he would evacuate with the resident students. For Katrina, he changed his mind. The large class of incoming freshman he had welcomed to Loyola on Friday and other students evacuating were well taken care of, he decided. Physical Plant and the University Police were staying for the storm, and Wildes felt comfort in remaining on campus with them and knowing he could assess the damage immediately when the storm finished on Monday, Aug. 29.

This particular adventure outside, however, to meet Hurricane Katrina turned out to be his last of the storm. As he was surveying the power of the hurricane, the wind took hold of a large piece of metal scrap from the top of the Recreational Complex and heaved it down five stories to the ground. The scrap landed about fifty feet from the university president. Wildes decided it was best he stay in for the rest of Katrina. He returned to his cot and took a nap.

SURVIVING KATRINA

When Wildes awoke, the storm had finished moving through Loyola and the city. He received a report that the city had survived as a whole because the storm had taken a small turn, dragging the hurricane eye away from the heart of New Orleans.

"I thought the city was in good shape," Wildes said. "I thought we would be back in a month. I talked to (Scott) Cowen (Tulane University president) that day (Monday). He thought six weeks. I told him I could see a return (to school) in four weeks."

"I thought the city was in good shape. I thought we would be back in a month."

Wildes spent some of the afternoon touring the campus with Physical Plant Director Paul Fleming to examine Katrina's damage. He felt good about what he saw: some fallen trees, limited wind damage, flooding confined to The Underground, all the buildings still standing. One damaged area they came upon was the RecPlex. The metal piece plus some skylights had been ripped off the roof, and a fair amount of water had gotten inside.

Physical Plant officials came to the conclusion that a tornado had formed during the storm in the back sector of campus adjacent to Tulane. The tornado had peeled off the outer shell of the roof of the Lindy Boggs Building at Tulane and more than likely traveled to the RecPlex.

On Monday night, the campus was running on auxiliary power. Wildes had been struggling all day to get in contact with other university officials via a cell phone. He had received vague reports about the condition of the city following the storm. Damage, yes. But survival, for sure.

Wildes felt upbeat and relieved about the overall results of the storm and went to bed early on his Mercy Hall mattress to catch up on sleep from the previous night.

LOYAL TO LOUISIANA

Tuesday brought a different world from Monday's relief. Levee breaches throughout the city allowed water to pour in, eventually flooding 80 percent of New Orleans. At Loyola, officials had to play the wait-and-see game as they did not know the path of the water. For that reason, Physical Plant members decided not to awake Wildes from his slumber when they learned of the levee breaches on Tuesday morning.

By Tuesday evening, the water reached the curb at the corner of Freret and Calhoun streets. Wildes received reports of rioting and would see a car pass by every so often without a license plate.

Although the water did not flow any farther, Wildes decided to leave on Wednesday morning and plan for the future of Loyola University elsewhere. He realized that his idea of students returning for school in four weeks was out the window. He decided to head for Alexandria, where Vice President of Finance Rhonda Cartwright had family, to set up temporary offices.

"I thought it was important to maintain offices in Louisiana," Wildes said. "I didn't want to move everything to Houston."

'END-OF-THE-WORLD MOVIE'

Before leaving campus, Wildes received some advice from Fleming: Don't stop; keep moving no matter how bad it looks. Wildes drove toward the river down Tchoupitoulas Street, then across the Crescent City Connection to the West Bank. He then got on Interstate 10 and headed to Alexandria, stopping first in Grand Coteaux to meet with several other Jesuits at a retreat house.

As he drove out of the city, Wildes saw the sights and tragedy of the aftermath of a natural disaster. Throughout Uptown, he noticed private security forces everywhere.

He saw families walking down the street and pushing shopping carts, military helicopters flying overhead and signs of violence, including looted stores.

"Leaving was frightening," Wildes said. "I thought what the hell has happened here? It was like the set of an end-of-the-world movie. And at that point, I didn't know the Convention Center had become what it did."

In the months to come, Wildes would spend a great deal of time planning for the return of Loyola

The Rev. Kevin Wildes, S.J., university president, leads faculty, staff and students to a reception in the library after the annual student convocation at Holy Name of Jesus Church on Jan. 6. The spring semester started on Jan. 9.

University in the spring semester. During his time away, however, he found himself reflecting on the events immediately following Katrina.

"I have two reactions. The first: what people suffered. I thought about the sheer tragedy of the whole thing ... the extent and depth of it all. The second is the city and the impact on the university. We recruit nationally, and I had to think about the impact on the parents."

"In the end, reports will make it clear that human mistakes had more to do with this than Mother Nature."

All in all, Wildes is regretful of the suffering the people of New Orleans had to endure in the aftermath of the hurricane.

"The immediate human horror ... so much of this did not have to happen. In the end, reports will make it clear that human mistakes had more to do with this than Mother Nature. In all respects, the situation was incredibly frustrating." •

PHOTO BY HAROLD BAQUET

Reconstruction begins on the collapsed London Avenue floodwall in Gentilly.

Chance encounter on plane leads to family reunion

Communications senior initially unaware of storm

By Thomas Slack

The airline staff said there was a problem getting to New Orleans, said Eliana McCaffery, communications senior, who was touring Europe with her sister prior to Hurricane Katrina making landfall.

McCaffery had been studying abroad in Europe through the spring and decided to stay and tour Europe for the summer to visit family and friends. "I was studying in Pontlevoy, France during the spring, and I was living in an abbey for about three months," she said. McCaffery was supposed to begin her journey back to New Orleans on Aug. 28; however, Hurricane Katrina would come to disrupt her plans and her life, quite drastically.

"Because we had been traveling around Europe the whole month of August, we had no idea that anything was going on with hurricanes in the United States. We didn't have Internet or cell phones," she said.

McCaffery had been touring Europe with her sister Carmen, with whom she would become separated due to the hurricane. Since she and her sister had booked their flights at different times, she was scheduled to depart earlier than her sister.

PHOTO BY BRANDON HOLMES

PHOTO BY BRANDON HOLMES

Eliana McCaffery sits in her gutted home. McCaffery was away from New Orleans and unaware of Katrina while abroad in Paris. She found out about the storm while at the airport in Paris.

"I said goodbye to my sister at around 10 a.m. and took a train to the airport."

FLIGHT DETOUR

At the airport, McCaffery was informed by the airline that there would be a problem getting to New Orleans. "I asked them why, and they said it was because of a storm. I figured it was a hurricane because I knew we were in hurricane season. I remembered the year earlier when we had Ivan, and I thought it was no big deal," she said.

McCaffery was told she could stay in Paris, or fly into Atlanta where her connecting flight was supposed to be. "Because I didn't have any way of contacting my sister — because we didn't have cell phones — I told them to get me to the United States." McCaffery had thought that by the time she would arrive in Atlanta, flights to New Orleans would be resumed. "I wasn't worried," she said.

Out of touch and on her own, McCaffery flew from Paris to Atlanta, where her connecting flight to New Orleans was originally supposed to depart. "I don't think at this point anyone really understood the magnitude of what was happening. The last time I had talked to my parents, they were supposed to pick me up in New Orleans," she said. The last time McCaffery had actually talked to her parents was a week before her scheduled departure.

Upon arriving in Atlanta, McCaffery called her house to get in touch with her parents, but no one was answering the phone. She then tried their cell phones.

"I called both my parents' cell phones, which were out of order, and I did not understand. I was mad at them because I thought they had turned off their cell phones," she said.

At that point, McCaffery had two options: She could either book a room at the hotel airport at her own expense or fly to Shreveport. "I figured that if I could get to anywhere in Louisiana, I could get in touch with my parents and hopefully they would be within driving distance to come get me because I didn't think they would be able to pick me up in Atlanta," she said.

A GOOD SAMARITAN

McCaffery did not know the location of Shreveport. "I thought it was closer to New Orleans than it actually really is. I didn't realize it was the farthest city (in Louisiana) from New Orleans," said McCaffery. When she boarded the airplane to Shreveport, she had no idea where her parents were or the whereabouts of her sister.

McCaffery was on her way to a city unfamiliar to her. "On the plane, I'm thinking to myself: 'I'm going to a place where no one is going to pick me up, and I don't have anywhere to stay,'" said McCaffery.

On the airplane, fate brought McCaffery into the hands of a good Samaritan. "I was on the airplane, and this man sat next to me. Then he got up and left for some reason, and this woman sat next to me." McCaffery and the woman began to talk; she told McCaffery that her name was Melinda, and she owned a travel agency.

McCaffery told Melinda her story of how she had just arrived in the United States from Paris after months of being away and had no idea what was going on except that a hurricane named Katrina was heading for New Orleans.

"She offered me a place to stay at her house, which I declined at first because I did not want to inconvenience her. I told her I would probably just book a hotel room at Shreveport and that I did not want to inconvenience anyone. She told me, 'You're not going to find any hotel rooms open because everyone was evacuating,' and that's when I started getting worried," she said. McCaffery decided to accept Melinda's generous offer.

"It was a miracle to have found this woman to take me in and also that my parents didn't go to Houston or Dallas or anywhere else."

'IT WAS A MIRACLE'

Not knowing the whereabouts of her parents, McCaffery started calling home again. "I kept leaving messages at my house, and by this time, the levees had not broken. So my house was not flooded. I was able to leave messages on the machine, and this was Monday," she said. "They can access the messages from any phone, so I said in the message that I was in Shreveport, and I want them to contact me. But I forgot to leave them the number of where I was staying."

A couple of minutes later, McCaffery received a call from her brother. Her brother had called BellSouth and asked them to track the phone number she had called from. "He said that they had evacuated and were driving through Shreveport, and it was amazing because they didn't know that I was going to be there. They were only about 10 minutes away from where I was staying," said McCaffery.

"It was a miracle to have found this woman to take me in and also that my parents didn't go to Houston or Dallas or anywhere else. We couldn't have even planned this to work out better and without any communication," said McCaffery.

After McCaffery had been reunited with her family, her parents were concerned with finding her sister. McCaffery knew only that her sister was supposed to be traveling back to the United States from Paris. Because of Melinda's travel agency connections, McCaffery was able to use her computer to locate the flights that left Paris and tracked the flight McCaffery's sister was on to Chicago.

"So she made a call and found out the hotel name and number of where my sister was staying, and she flew my sister down the next day," said McCaffery.

HOUSE DESTROYED

Melinda helped McCaffery and her family get a hotel room in Shreveport. "We were glued to the television set for the next couple of days," she said. McCaffery and her family wondered and worried about whether their house would be one of the thousands flooded.

The McCaffery family traveled to Dallas to stay with a family friend. Carmen, who is a student at New York University, returned to a normal school year. Her brother, who was a high school senior at Newman, traveled to Philadelphia to attend school there. Eliana decided to attend the University of Louisiana at Lafayette for the fall semester. Her parents stayed in Dallas.

McCaffery traveled back to New Orleans with her family in November. "We found our house destroyed," she said. "We got five to six feet of water in our house, so we lost everything on the first floor."

Determined to graduate in April, McCaffery returned to Loyola.

"My parents were kind of reluctant to come back though," she said. Because the second floor of her house was left intact and utilities had been restored, the family moved back. "We are currently living on the second floor of our house," said McCaffery. Her family is waiting for the next hurricane season to pass to decide whether or not they want to rebuild or relocate. •

PHOTO BY VICTORIA LODI

PHOTO BY HAROLD BAQUET

The Ninth Ward sits underwater after the Industrial Canal broke, flooding the neighborhood.

Rodriguez finds refuge, community at hardware store

Classics professor refuses to evacuate without dogs

By Coleen O'Lear

As she laid on her rooftop, water rising beneath, Connie Rodriguez recalls hearing Coast Guard helicopters flying overhead and people chopping through roofs to safety throughout the night. This was Monday, Aug. 29.

"This is going to be a hell of a ride — the best in the theme park," Rodriguez had said as she prepared to wait out Hurricane Katrina in her Gentilly home on Sunday. What she did not anticipate was the breach of the London Street Canal that would send approximately 12 feet of water streaming into her neighborhood.

"I thought I'd dodged the bullet on Monday afternoon," said Rodriguez, associate professor of classical studies at Loyola.

By nightfall, however, she had to wade through her home, waist-deep in water, with her scuba equipment in hand. As she tried desperately to collect herself, some staple groceries and her cocker spaniels Rachael and Rebecca — who were sitting on a floating couch — she remembered that there was a ladder in her garage, which she and two neighbors used to climb to her rooftop to

avoid the rising water.

That night Rodriguez and her neighbors sat under the stars and listened to a portable radio as announcers told stranded victims to "call in for airlifts." She remembers three helicopters flying overhead Monday night, none of which would stop to rescue the trio because of the dogs.

SCUBA DIVING

By dawn Tuesday, the water had stopped rising, just shy of her roof, but heat was added to the equation. "We dipped the dogs in the water to keep them cool," said Rodriguez. With extreme heat, no food and little fresh water to drink, Rodriguez decided she would use her scuba equipment to dive down to the garden hose.

She put on her mask and buoyancy vest, intending on following the gutter down to the hose, which she presumed would have enough water pressure to get them through the day. "I really wish I had my weight belt," she said. She was only able to get about three feet below the surface, she said, before bobbing up again.

After half a dozen dive attempts, they heard a boat coming up St. Roch Street. Rob LeBlanc helped the trio and their dogs off the roof and into his boat. "We almost sunk it," said Rodriguez. LeBlanc, co-owner of Mike's Hardware Store on Elysian Fields, took the group to his store. "Mike's was a hurricane haven," said Rodriguez. "I knew we'd be fine once we got there."

"Mike's was a hurricane haven. I knew we'd be fine once we got there."

'TASTED LIKE HEAVEN'

About 60 people gathered at the store, 10 of whom where critically ill. Fortunately, the group had a few nurses among them who were able to help the ill through their time at the hardware store, said Rodriguez.

On Tuesday evening, the group was able to flag down a helicopter, which landed on the dry Farley Field, Brother Martin High School's athletic practice field. The Marines told the group that they were "only under orders to pick up off rooftops," said Rodriguez. But they promised to return that night to help; they never did.

A group of New Orleans police officers came by the store in the meantime. They encouraged anyone who was capable to go to the I-10 overpass and load onto the buses that were scheduled to pick up survivors there. The police informed Rodriguez that animals would not be allowed on the buses. This was not an option for Rodriguez and "her girls."

The officers told the group to "loot to survive — you've got to." Over the course of the week, Rodriguez says the group "wiped out the Walgreens and the Family Dollar." They also siphoned gasoline from abandoned cars and trucks to use for generators in Mike's parking lot. Once the generators were working, they were able to watch some television.

On Wednesday, the police returned in an airboat. "They were responsible for getting the ill out of there," Rodriguez said. That was also the first day Rodriguez was able to have a hot meal since before the storm. "A boiled water cup of soup," she said. "It tasted like heaven."

Though cell phone reception was almost nonexistent, text messaging became a useful tool. Using text messages, LeBlanc, an ex-Marine, was able to arrange for a drop of supplies, as the group was out of fresh water.

"There was no better survival group," said Rodriguez. "Everyone had a skill."

Word soon got out in the neighborhood that Mike's Hardware had become a temporary shelter for those rescued from their rooftops. Rodriguez said that neighborhood people started bringing food from their refrigerators to the store. "We ate gumbo and fresh shrimp," she said.

GETTING OUT

By Thursday, LeBlanc had gotten in touch with a Marine friend who piloted one of the helicopters; this time the Marines would agree to take animals aboard. Rodriguez decided to leave on the condition that she and her dogs would be taken to the airport.

Around 6 p.m. on Friday, Rodriguez and her dogs boarded the next-to-last flight to leave the Brother Martin field. "God, they were making chicken gumbo," she said. "I missed a great chicken gumbo because I had to evacuate."

Rodriguez was taken to New Orleans Lakefront Airport, where the group then boarded a larger helicopter, which would take them to the I-10 Causeway. There, Superdome evacuees were waiting for buses to transport them out of the city But just as Rodriguez arrived, the last bus pulled away.

Though the buses had left thousands stranded,

PHOTO BY VICTORIA LODI

Connie Rodriguez, professor of classics, tried to use SCUBA equipment to get water from her garden hose while she was stranded on her roof in the days after Hurricane Katrina.

Rodriguez was able to find a ride. She and four others climbed into a truck headed for a shelter in Laplace. There, she was able to call her mother in Virginia for the first time. She also arranged to stay with cousins in Donaldsonville.

After a week of sleeping on rooftops, sidewalks and football fields, Rodriguez was able to take her first hot shower. She also took this opportunity to burn her evacuation clothes. "I never wanted to see them again," she said.

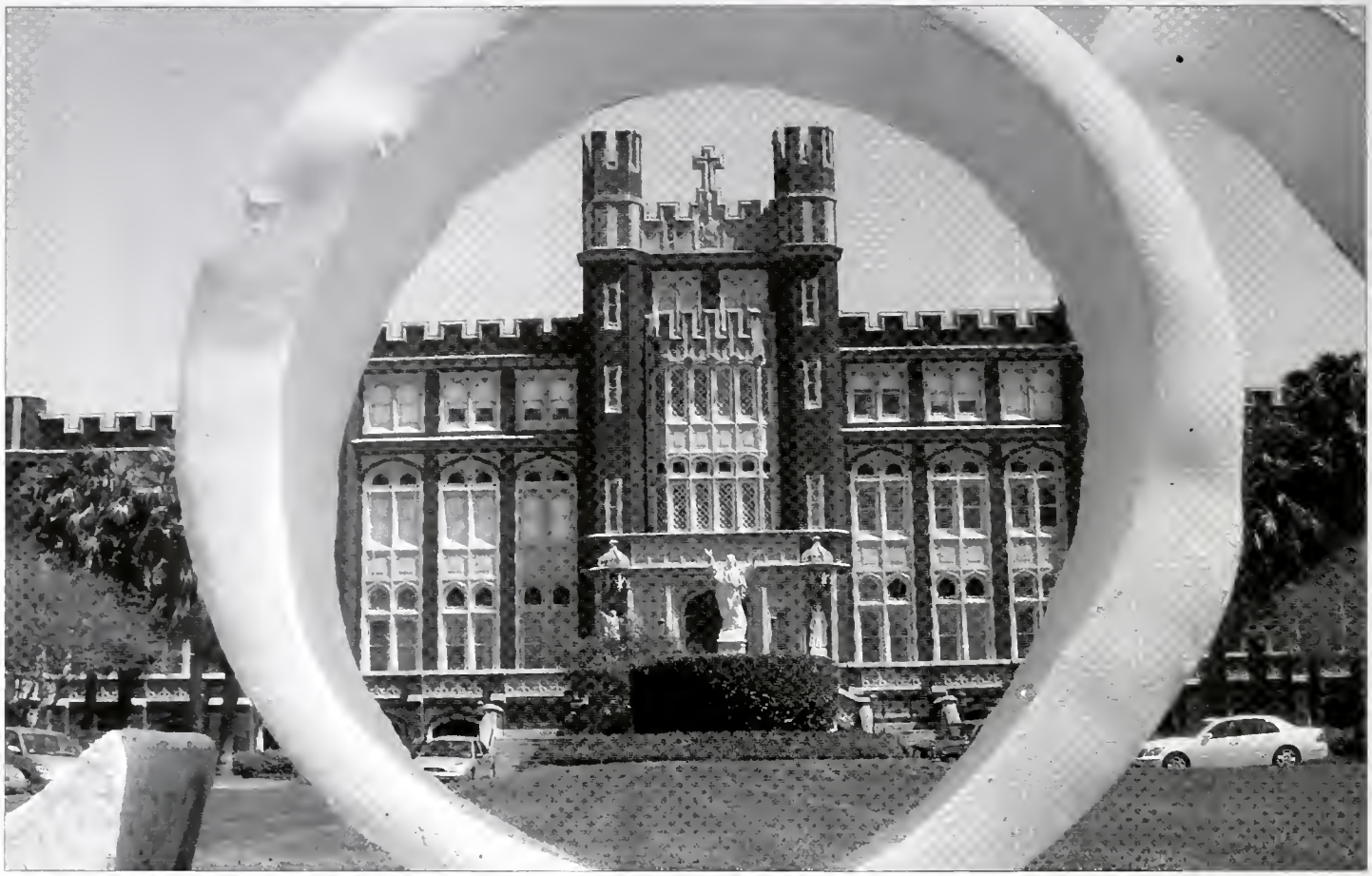
ON A MISSION

Rodriguez stayed in Donaldsonville until mid-October when her zip code was granted re-entry into New Orleans. "It wasn't hard going back, because I knew everything was gone." But, to Rodriguez's disbelief, the water had spared some of her belongings. There were two cases of antique crystal and china standing as though nothing had happened. In that cabinet, four generations were represented. "OK. I have part of my life back," she said.

Other than a few spared mementos, things were beyond dreary. Rodriguez said the city was post-apocalyptic. "You could drive for miles and not see anybody," she said. Rodriguez recalls in particular driving on Veterans Boulevard. As she drove over a hill, she said, "You could see there was destruction, but when you popped over, it was death."

Despite all of this, Rodriguez is eager to rebuild and wants for her new home to be as close as possible to the 1952 original. She does not fear another Katrina catastrophe and is "not going to be one of those idiots that evacuates with every storm in the Gulf," she said. "Katrina did not destroy my house. The Army Corps of Engineers destroyed my house." And now she says, she is on a mission to see them pay.

Though Rodriguez is trying to move on and rebuild, her struggle is not over. "A part of me is sick and tired of telling it, but if you stop telling the story, people will forget, and you don't want people to forget." •



FILE PHOTO BY ALETHIA PICCIOLA

Administrators waste no time in renewing operations

Simoneaux, Cornwell worked from Alexandria

By Yolanda Davis

Phone call after phone call came into the tiny cubicle offices where privacy was just another missed luxury. Conversations were audible from anywhere in the room, no matter how low one dipped his chin into his chest.

Each caller was desperate for personal attention, desperate for answers to questions that only beget more questions. "Am I in the right courses?" ... "What about my stuff?" ... "Is it safe to come back?"

Cathy Simoneaux, director of financial aid, and John Cornwell, associate provost, are just two of Loyola's administrators who set up shop in Houston during the school's hiatus following the devastation of Hurricane Katrina.

While they performed their duty by keeping the school running under extreme circumstances, they themselves were not immune to the effects of the storm and had to maintain that critical balance between their personal and professional lives.

Despite being yelled at frequently by callers, they had to remind themselves not to take it personally.

PHOTO BY SHAZER O'HARA

'THE BIG ONE'

Simoneaux said that she recalled meteorologists initially projecting Katrina to hit the Florida panhandle, but somewhere between Friday night and Saturday morning, the storm began moving toward the Louisiana coast. It did not seem like too big of a deal. Many a storm had threatened New Orleans over the years, and the school always reopened its doors after just a few days.

Simoneaux said the students were encouraged to evacuate that Saturday, and both she and Cornwell packed themselves and their families and headed west. Simoneaux, her parents and cat went to Baton Rouge. Cornwell took his family to Houston. But then the levees broke. Cornwell first heard of the flooding after contacting some neighbors who waited to leave until the water reached them.

"My thoughts were that this was the big one we always feared," he said. Simoneaux said shortly thereafter, Provost Walter Harris summoned the deans and assistant provosts to Houston. Later it was announced that Loyola would be closed for the semester.

THE DORM

The school, however, could not just close. People needed information, and they needed answers. A deal was worked out with the University of Houston. The school offered four rooms in the student center for Loyola's use as well as space for law students to take classes from Loyola professors. Cornwell said there were about 12 to 25 people working in the small space at any given time. Everyone, including the provost, worked from a cubicle.

"There was no privacy, but communications were great since we all were within a few feet of each other," Cornwell said.

Simoneaux said she and her staff members worked from the basement of the student center.

"They were wonderful to us," she said. "We did not lack for anything while we were there."

Simoneaux said her main objective during her time in Houston was to provide information to the financial aid offices at the 410 schools that took in Loyola's students. Cornwell said his main goal was to re-establish communication with students, parents, faculty and staff. He said he felt like he was doing more than just processing problems.

"Some of them did not want a solution so much as they just wanted someone to listen to them," he said. "Many just needed to be heard and acknowledged."

"Some of them did not want a solution so much as they just wanted someone to listen to them."

Loyola rented apartments for its staff members who were working on location. The people who were diligently trying to keep the school afloat began living a sort of college lifestyle themselves.

"About a dozen of us ended up in the same high-rise apartment complex in downtown Houston. Some called it the dorm. We worked together to get the apartments furnished, and we carpooled together," Cornwell said.

'ICE CREAM BREAK'

Though things began running more smoothly at work, life was far from perfect on the home front. Simoneaux learned that seven feet of water entered her neighborhood, and her own home was only about three feet off the ground. Her parents' home in Lakeview also sustained extensive damages.

Cornwell said the roof on his new townhouse broke and flooded two rooms. The home he was living in before then, which he had yet to sell, also took on a foot of water. Cornwell said the stress from it all lead to a lot of fights about trivial things with his family. He said the stress was always there, whether he recognized it or not, but he found a temporary way to cope with it.

"There was a student-run ice cream shop in the student center that sold Blue Bell ice cream. Every once in a while someone would say, 'Hey, let's take an ice cream break,'" he said. Simoneaux said that since she had her dog with her, the two of them went on a lot of walks.

Both administrators said they never doubted that Loyola would be up and running in time for the spring semester and never had any personal reservations about returning to New Orleans. Both of them said they were eager to get back to what they know as home in November. Simoneaux said her thoughts of what she felt stepping back on campus could only be described as "relief."

HOME IMPROVEMENT

Cornwell said he has been comfortable since he came back to New Orleans and that he is confident that the city is going to change for the better, but it might take longer than anyone suspects. He said he thought it was remarkable that people who were complete strangers, such as the University of Houston and the schools that took in Loyola students, bent over backwards for them

PHOTO COURTESY OF LOYOLA

Associate Provost John Cornwell

even when the government would not. Simoneaux said she believes this storm has brought out the best and worst in people, but the majority of the individuals that she encountered were supportive. Like Cornwell, she is less than impressed with the performance of her elected officials.

"Perhaps I am being to harsh, but it has sometimes seemed like they are putting their own interests before the common good," she said.

Both are slowly but surely readjusting to life in a readjusting city. Simoneaux is renting a one-bedroom apartment on Fern Street to the chagrin of her dog who misses her old yard. She said she has set up an account with Lowe's and is even giving reality television a second look.

"I have started watching all the home improvement shows I previously ignored," she said.

Cornwell is living in the part of his townhouse that did not have to be gutted while busily repairing both of his damaged homes.

"It just doesn't stop. It's not post-traumatic stress syndrome because it's ongoing," he said.

GRASPING KATRINA'S MAGNITUDE

The two of them say that they are happy to be back on campus and are especially delighted that so many students decided to return this semester. Cornwell said students are not only critical for the survival of the school, but for the survival of New Orleans as well. He said he is happy that the students have returned with energy, commitment and are working aggressively.

He said he wanted to make sure that the students grasped the magnitude of the tragedy, so he arranged for bus tours from Lakeview to the Ninth Ward that illustrated the devastated condition much of the city is still in.

"This storm hit rich, poor, middle class, black and white," he said. He said he hopes the tour inspired students to want to do something to help. Simoneaux also hopes that students will be committed to excellence in everything that they do from now on and that the storm helped them to realize that, "we are still in this together." •

Police officers wear tactical gear while trying to restore order to New Orleans.

NOPD headquarters becomes refuge for alumna and father

Howley says family will now leave for any hurricane

By Erin Bremer

As she sits in her law office in Gretna, Christy Howley knows she has ridden out her last hurricane. Howley, a New Orleans native and Loyola alumna, can barely keep calm as she relives the experience that still wakes her up with nightmares.

The headquarters of the New Orleans Police Department was her shelter from the storm. It is a huge concrete building that sits next to the Orleans Parish Prison on Tulane Avenue and Broad Street. Howley, who had never evacuated before, thought this storm wouldn't be any different than any of the previous near-misses.

Howley and her husband Philippe, a native of France, brought their dog and three cats to police headquarters the Sunday before the storm. They were meeting Howley's father, a 72-year-old NOPD captain who was required to stay. He, too, had never left for a storm.

"It was deafening, like nothing you've ever heard," Howley said of the wind. "There were no televisions or radios to tell you it was over. There was just the brief calm after the storm."

On Monday afternoon, cops in T-shirts talked

PHOTO BY STEVE KASHISHIAN

to their families and walked their dogs out on the mezzanine. They were just happy to be out of the hot building, alive and well.

Then the water started to rise.

SLEEPING IN THE GARAGE

The water came slowly, just two feet at first. "We kept thinking the water was going to stop. At some point it's got to stop," Howley said.

Calls poured in from off-duty cops in Lakeview. They were trapped in their attics and headed to the roof. They radioed for help. The 17th Street Canal levee had been breached.

"After a while, you knew how bad it was," Howley said. "You didn't need to see it on television." By Monday evening, the ground floor of NOPD headquarters was completely flooded. Her family was part of a hundred or so people who slept in the garage that night. At 5 a.m. on Tuesday, they were told to move to higher levels. The water still wasn't stopping.

She and the others pushed through knee-deep water on the first floor, down the long hallway to the stairwell. Howley's father was still recovering from heart surgery he had two weeks earlier and had to be helped up two flights of stairs to the third level. Howley had to hold back the tears as she recalled her experiences.

"I was completely traumatized at this point," Howley said.

"I got to a point where I was very, very afraid to die ... very afraid that we were going to die."

RIOTS AND FRIGHTS

Once they got to the third floor, they began to see a lot of activity. Cops were abandoning their T-shirts for full uniform and weapons. The deputy chiefs were meeting with the Orleans Parish criminal sheriff in the corner. The prisoners, who were rioting on Monday night, had overtaken a part of Orleans Parish Prison. Floodwater wasn't the only problem anymore.

To her understanding, the riots were suppressed relatively quickly but still managed to incite fear throughout NOPD headquarters.

"I got to a point where I was very, very afraid to die ... very afraid that we were going to die," Howley said. Evacuation was now priority one.

Howley doesn't know who saved them from the building, only that they had on military uniforms. One by one, cops and their families, pets in hand, swung their feet over the mezzanine wall and into green flatboats. They were dropped off on the Broad overpass and sat with hundreds of people, awed at what their city had become.

'A WAR ZONE'

Military helicopters were circling in the air, presumably dropping people off at the Superdome. Prisoners and police alike had gathered on the overpass, watching people swim down Broad Street to dry land. The roof of the Superdome was visibly damaged. Windows of downtown buildings were blown out. Most of the city was submerged.

"It literally looked like a war zone," Howley said. "It was awful, completely awful." Soon, Howley began to hear gunshots. Looting had broken out in full force.

Cops began suiting up again, right on the Broad overpass. Bulletproof vests and ammunition were being passed around, and cops piled into boats and amphibious SWAT trucks headed for downtown.

"They weren't scared," Howley said. "They were upset that their city was being looted."

By now, three hours had passed on the overpass, and the situation had become too dangerous. They began looking for yet another escape. A private citizen arrived with a school bus and began shuttling people to the Convention Center. Eventually, the bus was commandeered by the police, who continued to shuttle citizens to the Convention Center.

The situation at the Convention Center was nothing like what the country watched on the news, at least not yet. There were only about 100 people there on Tuesday afternoon. Howley said the atmosphere was civil. "They were very calm, very relaxed, you know? Not crazy."

Pay phones were still working and people were lined up to call their relatives. Still, the situation was dire. There was no food or water anywhere in the Convention Center.

"[There was] a complete void of information," Howley said. Police officers were their only source for news.

JET SKI RESCUES

At the Convention Center, Howley learned from police that most of the city was under water because the London Avenue and Industrial Canal levees had also breached. Thankfully, they also told her the West Bank, where Howley's home and office are located, was virtually untouched.

Howley received good news from the men in red

PHOTO BY HAROLD BAQUET

New Orleans police officers from the sixth district meet in a Garden District Wal-Mart to discuss their operation.

as well. Her brother Tommy, a fireman stationed in New Orleans East, had not been heard from since before the storm. Howley was frantic until another fireman told her Tommy was not only safe, but had launched his jet skis and begun rescuing people from rooftops in the East and bringing them to the Chef Menteur Highway overpass.

For Howley, this good news did not last long. The heat and lack of food and water were causing her father's health to deteriorate fast. Despite this, he was refusing to leave. Finally, a commanding officer ordered him to leave, and Howley's family was able to obtain safe passage to her home in Harvey.

Howley turned on a battery-powered radio, bathed in bottled water and cooked on her gas stove. She also tried calling friends and car rental companies, still not comprehending the full extent of the aftermath.

On Wednesday, she was finally able to get in touch with a friend's family in Luling. Her friend's mother was so worried about them that she drove her spare truck into Harvey and picked them up. Howley's family then dropped her off in Luling and continued to McComb, Miss., where they were reunited with Howley's mother.

STAYING IN NEW ORLEANS

Looking back on the storm, Howley said she is furious.

"The response was obviously too slow ... It's definitely a man-made disaster."

She is convinced that the pumps, which were not on, would have saved East Jefferson Parish and the levees, which were man-made, would have saved most of Orleans Parish if they had been built correctly.

Despite her anger, Howley is staying in the city and helping to rebuild her parents' house. Her husband, a contractor, is working on countless other homes in the area.

Her father is staying on the force for his 52nd year and has recovered well after an unofficial sick leave after the storm.

Despite their dedication to New Orleans, Howley knows that this is the last disaster that she and her family will ever stay for.

"Anything above a Category 1, and we're leaving." •

Tess Autin, music therapy and psychology junior, left her internship with Disney early to return home to her family. Her New Orleans apartment was damaged, and her childhood home in Texas was damaged by Hurricane Rita.

Autin faced with Katrina while interning at Disney

Music junior's childhood home ruined by Rita

By Laurén Bienvenue

Tess Autin, music therapy and psychology junior, remembers thinking nothing of the predicted path of a Category 4 hurricane. She was beginning a semester away from Loyola at Disney World's college intern program in Orlando, Fla. last August.

A week later, she had lost everything in her Uptown apartment due to the 17th Street floodwall collapse, the day after Hurricane Katrina hit New Orleans. Her boyfriend, a New Orleans 1st precinct police officer was in the city with little communication out. Four or five days went by before Autin knew he was all right, and even then his horror stories were reports of limited food and water.

He was the first to inspect her apartment on Claiborne Avenue. She asked him to salvage her two prized possessions: her porcelain dolls and her pictures. He could only recover the dolls; her pictures were submerged in two and a half feet of standing water.

A feeling of helplessness wiped over her. She was hundreds of miles away from the city her life and boyfriend were in, surrounded by people who

PHOTO BY VICTORIA LODI

didn't understand her loss. Her four roommates, whom she had just met, tried to comfort her but didn't know how.

CLEANING OUT THE APARTMENT

The only thing to do was return to New Orleans and see the damage. Four weeks after the storm, she scheduled to take leave from the Disney program and return to Louisiana for two weeks.

But it was about to get worse. Her parents, who still live in her hometown of Nederland, Texas, just southeast of Beaumont, began preparing for Hurricane Rita. They evacuated to Thibodaux where Autin met them. Before Rita hit, they drove down to New Orleans to clear out her apartment.

"I was prepared, but I wasn't prepared for the worst. No one told me what it looked like," she said of arriving in New Orleans.

Autin and her family spent an entire day clearing out her first floor apartment that had been consumed with mold. She was forced to throw out all of the music books that she had spent three years of college accumulating.

Most of her clothes and shoes were ruined. She thought her furniture was salvageable, but her dad convinced her that it needed to be thrown away. When she got her pictures back from that day, she realized why; it was covered in white mold that wasn't visible to the naked eye.

"I had lost everything," Autin said. "My parents and grandparents had been through Hurricane Camille, and they always told us that one day the levees would break. I never thought it would happen. This was beyond reality."

DOWN THE CHIMNEY

After her apartment was cleared out, Autin stayed in Thibodaux while her parents returned to Texas to survey the possibility of damage from Rita. They pulled up to their house and breathed a sigh of relief. The fence had fallen over, but the house was still standing and there were no water lines. It became a different story when they walked inside. The chimney cap had blown off, causing the chimney to collapse. The inside flooded with eight inches of rainwater.

Autin immediately went to Nederland to help remove the flooring and sheetrock of the only home she had left.

"To have this happen not once, but twice was grueling ... I didn't know how to continue as a whole person," she said.

After her house was cleared out, Autin returned to the Magic Kingdom, where she was inundated with people eager to hear about the state of New Orleans. She, much like everyone else from New Orleans, was forced to replay and relive the story everyday.

REUNITING AND GRATEFUL

The worst part for Autin was being so far away from anyone who understood.

"It is a feeling like no other to lose everything you know," she said.

In what was supposed to be an exciting experience and chance for personal and professional growth, Autin found herself unmotivated to make friends and participate in activities. She began to spend a lot of time on the phone.

"It proved that there is a blessing in everything. It made me realize how many people loved me and were there for me."

"I called people I hadn't talked to in four years. It proved that there is a blessing in everything. It made me realize how many people loved me and were there for me," Autin said. What she found was a renewed sense of closeness and understanding between friends who had suffered similar losses.

The best part of the experience was returning to New Orleans in December for good; Autin quit the Disney program three weeks early because she was denied early release. Autin described being reunited with her friends as "amazing ... we didn't even have to say anything; we just knew what was going on and what the other was feeling."

The hardest part for Autin was "taking a step back, to see the city and people you love devastated and suffering."

Despite setting up this year's Christmas tree on a cement floor in her Texas home and making Christmas dinner with no kitchen, she is thankful for what she still has and realizes that it could have been worse.

"This has made all my problems seem so small. I went through nothing. I'm alive. I didn't have to swim through 10 feet of water," Autin said.

She still lives with the daily reminder of Katrina from never-ending waterlines on houses around the city on her drive to and from school. However, she said that "you can't let it consume you, because life goes on." •

PHOTO ESSAY
CONTRIBUTED BY:
DOCUMENTARY
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ANNE FISHER

RIGHT: PHOTO BY
FRAZER O'HARA

BOTTOM, LEFT:
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TORRES

PHOTO BY CHUCK ALEXANDER

Vegitation in Audubon Park is slowly returning after much of it was destroyed. Craig Hood, biology professor, is studying the effects of Katrina on Jean Lafitte National Park on the West Bank.

Storm delays Hood's research, gives him new area of study

Biology professor was eager to check on bat cave

By Dominique Ellis

As the fall semester following Hurricane Katrina stretched on, Loyola students and faculty wondered if the city of New Orleans would be able to support life come springtime.

They wondered if there would be enough apartments left to rent, if all the professors would return and if the school would be as it once was. Biological sciences professor Craig Hood, however, was more concerned about his bat colonies.

Since 2003, Dr. Hood has been studying the bat populations in Jean Lafitte National Historical Park on the West Bank. In addition to his winged friends, Hood is also charged with inventory for all the mammals in the park thanks to a grant from the National Park Service. Working with students, he sets traps, reports sightings and surveys the living conditions throughout the preserve.

"No one has studied that area before," he said. His efforts have helped him catalog seven species of bats in the park, some of which are rare.

"It was very unexpected," he said, excited by his discovery. "But it just goes to show that you just have to get out there and look."

PHOTO BY VICTORIA LODI

'NO GRAY HAIR'

In addition to bats, he observes everything in the park from deer mice to coyotes. To better track the animal populations, he has involved the public by setting up a Web site for the study where individuals can post reports of creature sightings, their tracks and even their droppings.

All this information helps him in his study. But now, Hood says, it's hard to know what exactly will happen to the animals he so adores.

"Half the trees have been knocked down," he said. "It's a jungle out there."

Hood, a short and somewhat stocky man, has been teaching at Loyola for 20 years.

"I had no gray hair at all when I first started," he joked.

Now he vaguely resembles Santa Claus with his salt and pepper beard, pert nose and laughing cheeks that support his glasses. A laid-back guy, he can usually be seen around campus in his daily uniform of khakis and a plaid shirt, a flash drive constantly hanging around his neck.

He's the kind of professor who involves his students in group assignments and e-mails them cards to celebrate Charles Darwin's birthday. He slips pictures of his beloved bats into the slides of his notes in class and uses pictures of his purebred dogs to illustrate the genetic mutations of inbreeding.

He has taught everything from evolution for non-majors to general biology, anatomy and ecology courses. He currently serves as the associate chairperson for the biology department.

"It will be stunning to see what happens in the spring when all the trees and flowers that usually bloom don't."

LAPTOP INFORMATION

The Saturday night before the storm hit, Hood and his wife Jean Cassels, a children's book illustrator and author, were still planning to ride out the storm in their home two miles north of Loyola's campus. As Katrina inched closer, they became more and more nervous.

"The news had said that the next live update would be at 4 a.m., so we set our alarm and got up to see it," said Hood.

"Then here is the mayor saying that he was calling for a mandatory evacuation of the city that would go into effect in the next three hours."

Looking at the images of the already crowded interstate and the storm's track on their television, it became apparent to Hood and his wife that they better get a move on.

"We were like, 'This is the big one.'"

Gathering their things, the couple packed their three dogs into the car and prepared to hit the road. Not knowing if this would be the last time they would see their house, they got a camera and took pictures of each room before they left.

They headed north toward Tennessee where Cassels had some family in a small town. The drive took nine hours. Staying in an old homestead on the middle of a 20-acre farm, they had a hard time gathering information concerning New Orleans.

"There was no phone there. No cable or Internet. All we had was the local television stations," he said.

Desperate for information, Hood grabbed his laptop and headed for the nearest town, which was about a half-hour away. There were no internet cafes to be found so instead Hood drove around the few motels the town had hoping to steal a wireless connection.

"Like everybody else we thought we'd come back after three or four days," Hood said. Once he was able to log onto Nola.com, he knew it would be weeks and weeks.

LECTURING TENNESSEE STUDENTS

Worried about his house and the university, Hood tried to find things to pass the time in Tennessee. He set up an emergency Web site for the biology department, but little could qualm the worry that the gale force winds, torrential rains and standing flood water had ruined all he'd work to preserve in Jean Lafitte Park.

He wondered if his fragile bats had survived. Exactly one month after the storm hit, Hood and his wife returned to New Orleans to survey the damage to their house. Though there had been two feet of water on the ground in their neighborhood, they were lucky as their house was raised four feet. It wasn't all pleasant news though.

"All the trees in our back yard had been destroyed, and a huge piece of our roof had been ripped off."

Hood also went to Loyola to check on the biology labs and the rest of the campus.

"I was surprised to find the university in such good shape," he said. "I was expecting a lot more damage."

Unable to stay since the city was still on lockdown and unable to reach the West Bank, Hood reluctantly returned to Tennessee. A small high

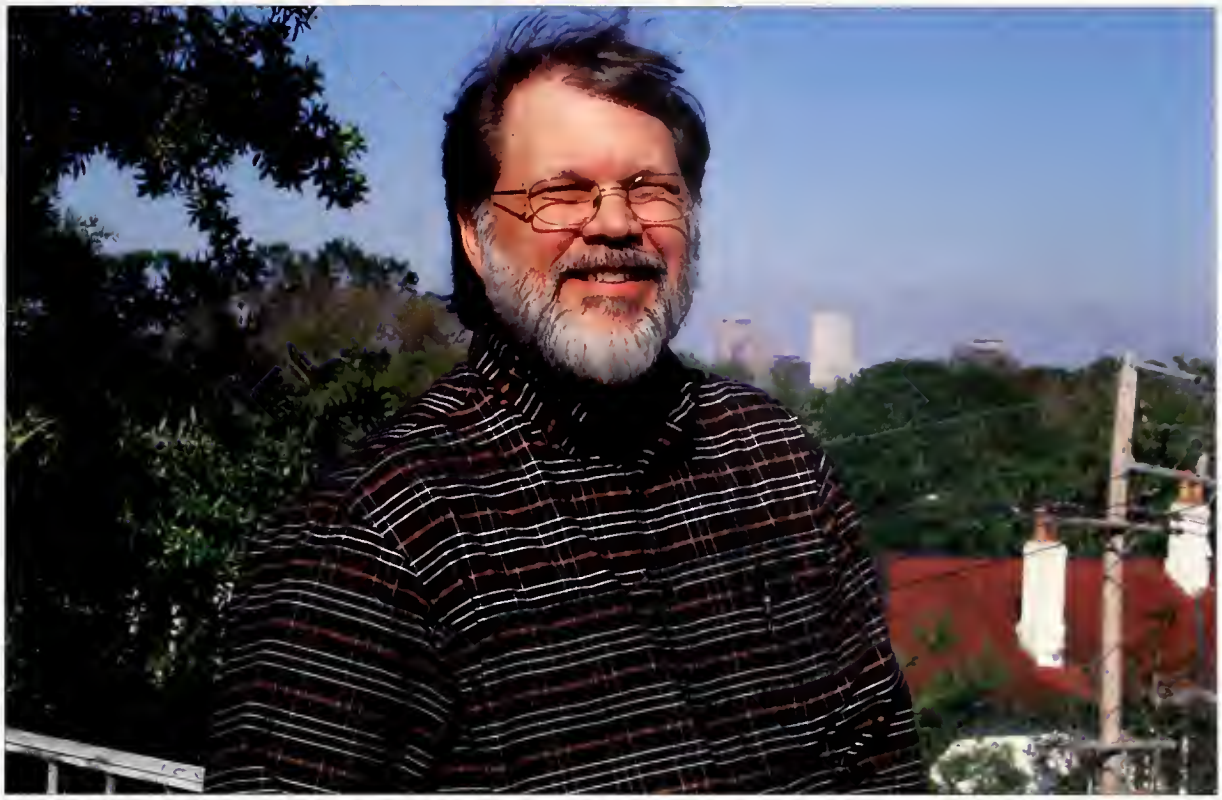


PHOTO BY VICTORIA LODI

school in a nearby town invited the couple to come and talk to the students there about how things really were in New Orleans. He even gave lectures to the biology classes. His wife lectured a few of the art classes.

"Like everybody who had been watching all this unfold on the news, they had a lot of questions," Hood said of the students. "There were even a few students from New Orleans, whom the school had taken in for the semester."

KATRINA'S EFFECTS

The couple moved back to its home on Oct. 15. Despite the fact that few of their neighbors were around and the National Guard was rolling through the city streets, Hood said they were never scared of being back.

"We were on the outskirts of the severely flooded areas, but it wasn't that bad," he said.

Since the original grant for his work in Jean Lafitte National Park was coming to an end, Hood put the application in the works for a new one that would allow him to study the effects the hurricane had on the park.

"It's important that we know what sort of toll this event has had on the environment," he said. "It's likely that some species were affected more than others."

Despite the loss of nearly half the trees in the area, Hood is hopeful that the older, stronger ones will be enough to support the bat colonies. Ready to start his new work in the park, Hood wondered what new information his studies will turn out.

"Before the storm, there were all these housing projects being built on the outskirts of the park, and even though they got water, they're still being bought up really fast," he said.

"All the natural areas outside the park will be obliterated, and the park will be the last refuge for these animals. But who knows, there may even be a population explosion," Hood said, with a smile.

As a biologist, Hood is able to look at the city's current situation with a different perspective. The effect Katrina has had on the plants and animals in the city and how that effects people's psyche has yet to be seen, he said.

"I think it's one of the unexpected things we're going to find," he said. "It will be stunning to see what happens in the spring when all the trees and flowers that usually bloom don't. We'll be able to see how many were really destroyed.

"On the flip side, weird weeds and plants that we don't normally see here are springing up. So many of the dominant plants in our ecology are gone, and this gives way for new and unusual organisms to move in."

In Hood's backyard alone, five-foot tall sunflowers have randomly started growing where trees once stood.

"There's no doubt about it," Hood said. "Life definitely finds a way." •

Harold Baquet, university photographer, weathered the storm in his Uptown house behind Touro Infirmary on Prytania Street.

Baquet camps out at home, fends off unwanted company

University photographer watches water enter city

By Richard Giraldi

Harold Baquet sat down, lit a cigarette and cracked open a bottle of water. He was tired and weak from cleaning his home on Coliseum Street. Just two days earlier, Hurricane Katrina had ravaged his home, neighborhood and community.

Baquet was taking a break in his backyard, still trying to wrap his head around what had happened in the past few days. As he sat down, he peered through the chain link fence to the dentist's office next door.

"They were pretty decent folks. If we ever needed emergency dental work, then these guys would come through for us," Baquet said.

What he saw was a young black man with a hammer in his hand. The young man tried pulling the door. When the man realized it was locked, he began sizing up the door as though to break it down. Baquet raced to his toolbox and fumbled through it. He pulled out a small pistol he had hidden away and rushed to the end of the fence. The young man was up on the steps of the dentist's office, towering 12 to 14 feet above Baquet.

"In hindsight, it was the stupidest, most thoughtless thing I had ever done, but I pointed my gun at him," said Baquet. The young man just

PHOTO BY BRETT BUTTERSTEIN

stood there and stared into Baquet's eyes with a look of "Whatcha gonna do?"

Baquet's mind raced and his heart pounded. Baquet told him to get the hell down from there and threatened to shoot the man in the face. "What could I do? I cursed and was as violent and vulgar and threatening as I could be," said Baquet.

Then with his gun drawn and pointed at the young man, Baquet thought about his situation. "I realized I wasn't going to shoot him. Yet I couldn't call 911, and I couldn't hop the fence and catch him."

Still hurling obscenities, Baquet began to understand the young man's plight. "Looking at his face, I could see myself as a young man having lost everything. Here I am passing through this neighborhood, and these people still have everything. And why? Why do these people still have their stuff, and I lost everything." Finally after what seemed like hours to Baquet, the man slowly walked away from the door of the dentist's office.

STORM EXPERIENCE

It was then that Baquet got a clear picture of what was going on in the city. "The people and powers that enforce civility were gone, and with it, civility and civilization were gone."

Baquet has been Loyola's photographer for 18 years. He considers himself lucky to work for such an institution and to have a job he loves. Baquet, a New Orleans native, was raised in the 7th Ward while much of his family lived in the 9th Ward. Even when Katrina was a Category 5 hurricane and headed toward New Orleans, evacuation never entered his mind.

When he was a young boy, Betsy flooded his mother's house in the 7th Ward with three feet of water. "Me and a friend of mine from across the street, we were floating down Niro Street on a garage door like a raft and pushing it with sticks. It was like Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. It was fun, man," Baquet said.

Baquet and his family have never evacuated the city for a storm. He is still true to old southern cultures and values. "If something happens to your property, as an able-bodied man, you have to be prepared to dig yourself out or dig out your neighbor."

With the imminent threat of Hurricane Katrina, Baquet took the usual precautions. He boarded up the windows of his home on Coliseum Street off Louisiana Avenue, right behind the Touro Infirmary. He was anticipating the worst, but nothing that could make him leave. "I had stocked canned goods, ice, a fridge filled with food, a generator, 60 gallons of gas, 55 gallon drums of water, batteries and all the good stuff you're supposed to. I thought I was ready," said Baquet.

STILL OPTIMISTIC

Baquet said that on the night of the storm, the house was shaking. The wind was blowing, and the rain was falling horizontally. He could see debris and trash falling all over. The next day when the storm had subsided, Baquet left his home. "Everything, the streets and the sidewalks, everything was covered with leaves, trash, debris and huge oak trees. I couldn't see down to Magazine Street. I couldn't see to St. Charles Avenue from Coliseum Street because of all the downed trees."

It was several hours after the storm had hit when Baquet saw the police and firemen dig through the debris to Touro Infirmary. The infirmary next to his home became a command post. "I had a real secure feeling in the neighborhood with all the police and emergency traffic. The path they cleared was right in front of my house," said Baquet.

He was still optimistic on Monday night. His generator was running, and his fridge was stocked full of food. He didn't think that in a few more hours, the city would turn into complete anarchy.

MADNESS IN THE STREETS

On Tuesday morning, Baquet heard reports that the levee had been breached. Wanting to see for himself, he walked out to Louisiana Avenue and looked toward Claiborne Avenue. "The oak trees on Louisiana Avenue are about 18 to 20 feet above your head, but when you looked down the street, the tops of the trees were now the only thing you could see. The water was rising, and we didn't know if it would ever stop."

With much of the rest of the city inundated, Baquet followed the hundreds of people walking toward Poydras Street and the convention center. "It was a cross section of New Orleans. There were poor people and middle class people and rich people. The catastrophe had cut across class lines. I saw people who were wet up to their waists pushing shopping carts with children and all their worldly belongings," said Baquet. By this time, looters with automatic rifles were roaming the streets like sharks, Baquet said.

By Wednesday, Baquet was in "camp-out mode." There was no electricity, but he still had running water, gas and a freezer full of food. His plan was to stick it out a couple of weeks or until the electricity came back on. That afternoon, two men entered his backyard. They told him they heard his generator running and wanted to buy some gasoline. With his gasoline stash hidden, he told them he didn't have any gasoline to sell. The

men continued to try to coax him into selling them gasoline. Baquet became scared and told the men to get off of his property. "The incident just made me think how vulnerable we were," said Baquet.

As time passed, more madness ripped through the city. By Wednesday night, Touro's generators were out, and the police presence that once helped him feel secure was gone. With the street lights out, it was pitch black. Baquet camped out on the front balcony of his home and watched the people walking up and down the street.

"It was scary, all of a sudden people would flash their light in your face, and people were looking up into your house. It's like 'halt, who goes there?' I mean, what do you say? You just shine your flashlight down and yell back," he said.

His little neighborhood was now full of people. Those who had lost everything had now come to his community looking for whatever they could find. "It wasn't the poverty of the people; it was the desperation of the people that were passing up and down the street," he said.

THE EXODUS

"After the storm, everyone with a gun had their gun. For a couple of weeks there, all men were created equal in New Orleans," Baquet said. The city had been hurled back in time. With no one to enforce the laws, the city was pure chaos. Finally three days after the storm, his wife was ready to pull the plug on his little "camping adventure."

Originally, he didn't want to leave because he "didn't want people digging through my stuff." But Baquet began to understand the severity of the situation. Many had lost everything, and he was, in fact, one of the fortunate ones.

Threats of looting, arson and vandalism were too much for Baquet, his wife and mother-in-law. "When we did evacuate, I didn't want to be seen packing my van for hours. We were going to load everything at once and leave," said Baquet. He gathered everything he needed for the trip out of the city. He grabbed legal documents, insurance papers, even bills, but the one thing Baquet didn't have was a camera.

He had left all his photography equipment at the university, where luckily, it remained unharmed. "Before the evacuation, my whole plan was to go down to the university, pick up my camera bag and start working this puppy. But St. Charles Avenue was blocked, and I couldn't get my truck down there. As for walking or riding a bicycle, the truth is, my wife wouldn't let me leave the house," said Baquet. "Besides, I was part of the story. I couldn't cover the story. At that time, I had a whole different set of priorities."

In a matter of minutes, Baquet had his truck packed. He was finally ready to evacuate the city. Leaving proved to be more difficult than he had imagined. He tried to find a clear street to Tchoupitoulas Avenue so he could get on the Crescent City Connection and head to the West Bank. Baquet drove down the street, zig-zagging to avoid trees, debris and the armed gangs that were on the prowl.

"There were literally guys using squad tactics with advanced units with reconnaissance. They were working the catastrophe." They finally made it to Tchoupitoulas, but things only began to get worse. People crowded the street and tried to flag down his van. He had to put his pistol against the window of his van to stop a man from opening his car door. "These people had the look of horror and hopelessness on their faces as we passed them," said Baquet.

Finally, they made it to the West Bank. "I wish I would have had the courage to stop and squeeze some more of those people out. In many ways, I felt that I failed in my humanity, and I could have provided more. But at the time, I was just thinking of myself and my family."

FAMILY TIME

Baquet ended up in Slidell at his cousin's home. Baquet, his wife, and mother-in-law were numbers 29, 30 and 31 to show up at the house. Baquet had survived, and he was now with 30 of his closest relatives. He couldn't have asked for a better place at that moment in time.

He spent the following nights staying up until five in the morning sharing stories with his family. He even took time to admire the night sky.

"After the hurricane had blown through, I'm looking up into the sky, and it's just crystal clear except for one cloud stretching from one horizon to the other. Then I realized it was the Milky Way. I could see the Milky Way in the middle of New Orleans," Baquet said.

Even after everything Baquet had been through, he said he isn't about to abandon his city. He is still the Loyola photographer, still lives on Coliseum Street and still believes in New Orleans. Witnessing the best and worst aspect of humanity only made his faith in humanity stronger.

Before evacuating, Baquet went to inspect his church, Our Lady of Good Council, on Louisiana Avenue. The church was in good condition, only missing a couple of roof tiles.

"On my way out, I see some sanctuary candles. Those things burn for like eight or nine days. So I grabbed one. And when we did evacuate, I lit that sanctuary candle and put it in my bathtub. I'd like to think that the candle burned up until the National Guard showed up," he said with a laugh. •

(Above) Jontué Jackson looks out a window in her flooded family home. (Left) The Jackson family is (from left) William III, Sandra, Brandy, Jontué (Not pictured: William Jr.).

Weekly Jackson family tradition halted by Katrina

Business junior attends Emory in Atlanta for fall

By Meghan Wasson

Every year for the Endymion parade on the Saturday before Mardi Gras, Jontué Jackson's family would come together for a party. Meeting at her grandmother's house that was right off of Canal Street, they would gather for a barbeque before "we'd all just migrate down to the edge of the street to watch the parade," Jackson said. "It was good, quality family time."

Now, however, her grandmother's home is ruined; destroyed by Hurricane Katrina.

Jackson, business junior, has an extended family that includes grandparents, aunts, uncles and about 40 cousins. While most of her father's family lives in Atlanta, her mother's entire family lived in New Orleans. Almost every weekend before Katrina struck, family members would gather at her grandmother's house. "Somebody would just pull out the grill, and it'd be a party," Jackson said.

The weekend of Aug. 26, however, Jackson was not at her grandmother's house as usual. Instead, she had met with friends from Loyola whom she had not seen since May.

Jackson slept in a friend's dorm room Friday

PHOTO BY ALETHIA PICCIOLA

night, having left all of her belongings at home. "I didn't plan on moving in until Sunday," Jackson said, who lived on College Court, a few minutes away from campus.

A REAL THREAT

Jackson woke up Saturday morning and a friend told her that class had been canceled for Monday and Tuesday. That, she said, was when she realized it was serious. "I didn't think anything of it (Katrina) before, because we get hurricanes all the time," Jackson said.

She said goodbye to her friends before heading home. "We didn't know it was 'bye' for five months," Jackson said.

Arriving home, Jackson's mother told her and her two siblings to pack enough for three days. Her father prepared their house by removing the air conditioners from the windows, moving the furniture toward the middle of the room and boarding up the windows. This took a few hours, as her father had to search for wood. By the time he had finished, night had fallen, and it had started to rain.

"You could hear the rain pounding on the street," Jackson said. "It was really, really bad ... it was torrential."

'LIKE AN EXODUS'

Jackson's family decided to wait until Sunday morning to leave, with hopes that the traffic would have eased up. In the morning, the family loaded the car with their three days worth of clothing and a few family portraits.

Jackson's father, who is a dog trainer, put five puppies in a carrier and the dogs' mother in another and placed them in the car. Six more full-grown dogs were too big to fit in the car. He put three in kennels in a bedroom, and the other three were locked in the bathroom. The dogs were left with enough food and water for three days.

The Jackson family had evacuated only once before, for Hurricane Ivan.

"We only leave if the mayor issues a voluntary evacuation," Jackson said.

Jackson's family left as part of a caravan. They were followed by Jackson's grandmother, who had never evacuated before. "She lived through Betsy ... and every other one," Jackson said.

Jackson's grandfather, uncle, his girlfriend and her three children, and a member of Jackson's church also followed.

The caravan totaled 13 people in three cars. "The traffic was crazy," Jackson said. "It was like an exodus."

Stuck in traffic with nowhere to use the restroom, the cars were forced to pull into a closed gas station. The women went behind a building, where two held up a sheet for anyone who needed to use the bathroom. "For me, that was the most unpleasant experience of the whole trip," Jackson said.

MANIC MONDAY

After driving a distance for four and a half hours that would normally have taken an hour, the caravan reached Baker, La. There, a former co-worker of Jackson's father let them stay in his three-bedroom home. "They just opened their house to us," Jackson said.

The mood on Sunday afternoon was mostly relaxed, Jackson said. They played board games and with the puppies and tried to get hold of the rest of Jackson's extended family. Most of her relatives had stayed in New Orleans to ride out the storm.

On Monday morning, the hurricane reached Baker, and wind and rain beat down on the house. At one point, a tree in a nearby yard fell on a neighbor's shed.

There was a power outage, but a generator made watching the news possible. That's when they discovered Katrina "was doing some serious damage [to New Orleans]," Jackson said. Her family was concerned about their relatives who had stayed in the city. "Monday was when we really started to panic," Jackson said.

And then the levees broke.

"We weren't so much worried about [our] house ... we were first concerned about the rest of the family." Many of Jackson's relatives had bunkered down in the 9th Ward, and since cell phones with New Orleans area codes were not working properly, her family was unable to get in touch with any of them.

Jackson's family realized that they would be unable to return home anytime soon. They decided to stay with distant relatives in Jackson, La., where they would spend the next few months.

"We weren't so much worried about (our) house ... we were first concerned about the rest of the family."

BAD NEWS ON THE DOORSTEP

After three weeks, all of Jackson's relatives had been accounted for through text messages. She

PHOTO BY ALETHIA PICCIOLA

Surrounded by rubble, a statue of the Virgin Mary stands in the Ninth Ward near the Industrial Canal.

discovered that one uncle had even managed to rescue a family from raging floodwaters by pulling them to safety on his roof.

Relieved that all her relatives were safe, Jackson decided to go to Emory University in Atlanta for the semester. She started three weeks late, was half an hour away from her nearest relative, was separated from her immediate family for the first time and did not know anyone at the school. Jackson, however, was able to adjust.

"After a week or so, I felt comfortable ... I met a lot of nice, friendly people," Jackson said. "I really enjoyed myself while I was out there, [but] I missed Loyola very much."

It was in her second or third week at Emory that Jackson finally learned how her house had fared. Her father's friend and New Orleans police officer escorted him into the city.

Not only had the one-story house been flooded by more than three feet of water, a large hole in the roof had cause even more water damage. The six dogs that had been left behind died. Almost everything was ruined, except for a few items such as a television and a PlayStation that had been placed on a dresser.

The boxes that Jackson had packed for her Carrollton Hall dorm room had been sitting on the floor in her living room and had been destroyed, along with all of her other possessions.

Jackson has visited her house only once since returning to New Orleans. "I can't stand it," she said. Her house has ceased to be a home, Jackson said.

"I was really anxious to get back [to school]. Loyola was the only place I could call home," Jackson said.

SILVER LININGS

While her family settled back into the New Orleans area in a rented house and a FEMA trailer in Metairie, most of Jackson's family has not returned. They are scattered across the South, in places like Houston, Baton Rouge and Jackson, La. Only her immediate family, her grandmother and an uncle who refuses to leave his property in the 9th Ward remain in New Orleans.

As for the city itself, Jackson has mixed feelings about its future. "I don't think it's ever going to be the same," she said. "Unless the levee system is repaired, there's nothing stopping us from getting hit again."

Positive experiences did emerge from the hurricane for Jackson. She strengthened her spiritual relationship with God, who she feels comforted her during the storm and its effect on her life. "We've just been praying, trusting in God ... to take care of our family," Jackson said.

Jackson was also able to see other silver linings. "Many blessings came out of the hurricane," she said. "I got out of debt; I was able to go to a great college; I met new people, and I gained independence. I'm able to appreciate things in life now that really matter." •

PHOTO BY VICTORIA LODI

Sister Leyla Cerda evacuated to Baton Rouge with fellow Sisters of St. Joseph where she reunited with family after they evacuated from St. Bernard Parish. It was the third time the Cerda family has been displaced from its home.

Past displacement hardships help Cerdas survive Katrina

Sister taken in by St. Joseph's Academy in B.R.

By Ryan Saucier

Sister Leyla Cerda knew that there was a hurricane headed for New Orleans when she sent the first group of students to the Farmer's Market to participate in Loyola University's "Catch the Action" community service program on the Saturday before Katrina hit the Gulf Coast.

"I knew that school may be closing, but I didn't have the green light to cancel the community service so I went ahead and sent the 27 students," Cerda recalled. By the time those students returned, she had received the official news that Loyola was closing. She canceled all of the remaining community service trips that were planned for that day and returned to the Sisters of Saint Joseph convent where she resided.

Upon arriving at the convent, Cerda remembers hearing that the sisters were going to stay for the hurricane. Soon she would learn that her parents, her two sisters and their families were evacuating

their residences in Chalmette.

MEDICAL PROBLEMS

Evacuating was not easy for the Cerda family. Cerda's father has to be on an oxygen machine 24 hours a day because of his advanced emphysema. His son-in-law had to drive him in his extended-cab truck with the oxygen machine on the back seat. Cerda's mother is diabetic with pulmonary fibrosis. Cerda's brother-in-law has Parkinson's disease. Despite these problems, the family made it to Baton Rouge without any problems. Cerda, on the other hand, was ready to ride the storm out if necessary.

"I told them that I wasn't going to leave. I was going to stay with the sisters, with my religious community," Cerda said. She said that she told her family that if the convent was forced to evacuate, she would help get the senior citizen sisters out of town.

At around 10 p.m. on Saturday night, one of the superiors from the community called the sisters and told them that they would have to leave early the next morning. When Sunday morning arrived, 46 of the 47 sisters left the Sisters of Saint Joseph convent and headed to Baton Rouge.

CRAMPED QUARTERS

When the sisters arrived in Baton Rouge, most of them, including Cerda, proceeded to Saint Joseph's Academy with whom they are affiliated. Normally, 13 sisters reside at Saint Joseph's Academy. Hurricane Katrina temporarily pushed that number to between 30 and 35 sisters.

Though there was some extra room at the school, there was not enough to accommodate all of the 20 displaced sisters. Cerda said that there were around 10 extra rooms. "The extra rooms were for the senior citizen sisters. Most of us just slept on air mattresses in the classrooms," she said. "The school was closed the following week so wherever there was a space in one of the classrooms, that's where I slept."

Though it was not near the optimum situation, Cerda made the best of what she had. She was happy to have a place to stay and to have the knowledge that most of her family was safe in Baton Rouge.

O SISTER, WHERE ART THOU?

The only family member who Cerda had not heard from was her youngest sister, Soledad, who worked as a nurse at Chalmette Medical Center. She was on duty at the hospital so she had to stay behind while her husband took their three children, 9-year-old Rebecca, 6-year-old Leyla and 3-year-old John Paul to meet the rest of the family in Baton Rouge.

"That was a big concern," Cerda said. "Monday we knew that the conditions were really bad in New Orleans, and we hadn't heard from her, and we knew Chalmette was flooded," she said.

The loss of cellular service made trying to contact Soledad even harder. "I learned, that week, to use text messaging," Cerda said. Despite the communications difficulties, on Tuesday morning the Cerda family learned that the Chalmette Medical Center flooded, and Soledad was taken by boat to the parish jail which was the nearest available refuge. "She was there with patients and other nurses," she said. Soledad was able to make it to Baton Rouge that Saturday, bringing Cerda and her family much relief and joy.

"Monday we knew that the conditions were really bad in New Orleans, and we hadn't heard from her, and we knew Chalmette was flooded."

PREVIOUS SEPARATIONS

The Cerda family was faced with another dilemma during this time. The family had a three-day reservation at their hotel and once the reservation was up, they knew they would have to find apartments. "We knew the houses in Chalmette were totally flooded. We had to immediately find some apartments in Baton Rouge so we would not be at a shelter," Cerda said. She describes the experience as being nerve racking.

It did not help matters that this was the third time that the Cerda family had been dislocated. The first two times they were relocated from Nicaragua where the family is from. The first dislocation occurred when Cerda was 12-years-old. A 1972 earthquake in Managua, Nicaragua lasted two hours and reached a magnitude of 6.5 on the Richter scale, crushing 80 percent of the buildings and killing thousands of residents. The Cerdas were some of the lucky ones who were able to make it out. They were displaced for about four months, Cerda said.

The second displacement occurred in 1979 when Cerda was 19-years-old. The Sandinistas overthrew the Somoza dictatorship. She recalls being here as a freshman when the revolution took

place. She said, "About two weeks after the revolution, our properties were taken. We would have been persecuted for not being with the government. We weren't able to go back to our country until 10 years later." This was when New Orleans became their home.

She said that though Katrina was not a major traumatic event for her family, it still evoked painful flashbacks of the first two displacements. The ever-positive sister was able to find a silver lining. "The good thing is that because we had done it before, we know how to just bounce back." She said that because of their past experiences, they were able to do what needed to be done, such as getting doctors for her parents and obtaining apartments to temporarily live in.

"The good thing is that because we had done it before, we know how to just bounce back."

VOLUNTEERING

Cerda said that that Thursday she got good news. She heard that St. Joseph Academy and other Catholic schools were going to take in students from New Orleans for the semester. She immediately thought of her nieces and nephew. Cerda picked them up and brought them to a Catholic school in the area to enroll them.

Cerda also remembers her mother being excited about the children finding schools in Baton Rouge. "That was a sign of hope. She had gotten really depressed knowing that her home was flooded, and she didn't really feel much like praying anymore or going to Mass. When we got the news that we had something concrete to look forward to in Baton Rouge, like a Catholic school for the children, she was really happy about that," she said.

Cerda relates that when she had free time, she went to volunteer for catholic charities of the Archdiocese of New Orleans, which had relocated its offices to Baton Rouge. She did this for two weeks. Her job entailed calling to check up on employees of the agency who had been scattered around the United States.

Not long after that, New Orleans had improved enough for Loyola to start having meetings. Cerda traveled between New Orleans and a house that she was living in with a couple of other sisters. She said that in these meetings, the staff was planning for the spring semester and preparing to visit local universities like Louisiana-Lafayette and LSU where many Loyola students were.

MOVING ON

By December, all faculty members were required to return to Loyola. For Cerda, this meant finding a place to live in New Orleans. She said that all of the first floor of the Sisters of Saint Joseph convent had to be gutted so nobody was able to live there. Luckily for Cerda, she lived on the second floor so she was able to retrieve some of her personal belongings from her room. The facilities suffered $1.3 million in damage, which financially prohibited them from rebuilding. They used all of their insurance to pay for the cleaning up of the buildings and are currently waiting to be able to lease the property.

"I needed to find another place where I could stay while I was working at Loyola. At that time, I was able to get a room at the Dominican Conference Center which is right next to the Loyola Law School," Cerda said. She said that she will live there until she searches for a small apartment in May.

She said that nine of the 47 sisters that used to call the Saint Joseph convent home have presently returned to New Orleans. Ten of the other 38 sisters are in a nursing home in Arkansas, and the rest are currently in or near Baton Rouge.

Cerda says that several LUCAP activities have been affected by Katrina. One program is the Hispanic Apostolate called Esperanza, which involved tutoring Latino children in the Redwood Apartments in Kenner. Katrina's damage to these apartments was bad enough to necessitate their demolishing. Another project was an adult literacy program in the Ninth Ward.

Cerda said that her family is currently looking for houses in Denham Springs. "They decided they couldn't come back to New Orleans or definitely not to Chalmette, especially with the high risk of my dad being sick, and my mom is also fragile." •

Water marks left on houses tell the story visually of what this Uptown neighborhood looked like before the city began to drain.

Egejuru caught off guard by hurricane aftermath

English professor uses whistle to alert rescuers

By Jared Bailey

While the majority of New Orleans was rushing for higher ground in cities across the country, Phanuel Egejuru sat peacefully at home. Egejuru, accomplished author and Loyola English professor, doubted all predictions of Hurricane Katrina's possible power.

Through many hurricane evacuations, Egejuru stayed at her home in the Lakeveiw district of New Orleans. Each year she has weathered well. Egejuru did not believe that Aug. 29 would be any different.

Reflecting recently on her forecast, Egejuru sat in her crowded office with one hand on her chin slightly covering her mouth and said, "I never thought it would be that bad." Egejuru, Nigerian by birth, still carries the accent of her native tongue, Igbo.

Egejuru admits that she didn't watch the news. She spent her Sunday afternoon at a friend's porch in eastern New Orleans. "By 8 o'clock nothing had happened, so I took my salmon and Courvoisier, and I went back to my home," she said.

Not long after she got there, her phone began

PHOTO COURTESY OF EMANUEL EGEJURU

to ring. Her daughter, who had left for school in Chicago on Saturday, was on the line begging her mother to leave. After refusing to leave, her daughter called Mary McCay, chairperson of Loyola's English department. "I listened to them," Egejuru said. "I told them 'OK, I will leave.'"

She repositioned herself in her office chair. Sitting straighter and taking a deep breath, she said through a laugh, "I did not."

Egejuru and her 16-year-old grandson Muka went to sleep that Sunday night thinking the worst had passed. The rain had ended. The wind had died. And the world was right.

'NIGERIA KNEW I WAS ALIVE'

The next morning Egejuru woke up and looked out of her second story bedroom window. She looked over the flat roof where she used to dry her laundry and there was no water, no rising tide, just her empty street.

Around 9 a.m., she walked down to her basement and noticed there was water slowly trickling in from under the back door. Egejuru threw down a few towels to soak up the water and pushed them towards the threshold. The water then began creeping through her terrycloth levee, slowly at first, but faster with each passing minute.

"I screamed and blew the whistle. We made eye contact. I thought they were coming for me — but they didn't."

Egejuru called Muka from upstairs and they began gathering things they thought might ruin. "We had already rolled up the carpets and I started taking my things off the walls," Egejuru said. "We started bringing things upstairs just in case." With everything in its new protected place, Egejuru felt at peace.

Inch by inch the water rose. First it filled Egejuru's basement. By noon the water began to invade the main floor. "I expected that the water to rise in the basement," Egejuru said, "and then recede."

Egejuru took some food, water and other libations upstairs for herself and Muka. Unsure of what to do, they called 911 for help.

"They told me to get out on my roof and they would have a helicopter pick us up," Egejuru said through a sarcastic smile. "We waited for four hours — they never came."

By this time the news of Hurricane Katrina had spread across the globe. Roofs became the new safe haven for most stuck in the city. Landlines were down, and cell phones had almost become a tease with sporadic service.

While she waited to be rescued by helicopter, Egejuru's cell phone began to ring. "It was my nephew," Egejuru said with wide-open eyes. "He was calling me from Nigeria." He asked his aunt where she was, and she told him, "I'm on my roof." At this point, not many people knew if Egejuru and her nephew were OK, but "Nigeria knew I was alive," she said.

"I went back inside to my flooded home," Egejuru recounts. She could hear the furniture being shifted, the water beating against the walls. "I sat on my stairs and watched my beautiful 18th century replica couch, tailor made for me, floating across my living room," she said.

'GOD PUT IT THERE'

By Monday evening, the water had reached the ceiling on the main floor. There were still two steps left to swallow before the water reached her bedroom. Egejuru then made a discovery that enhanced their likelihood of rescue. "There was a whistle from Loyola orientation," Egejuru said, "lying on my floor."

In her office, she sat quietly for a moment searching for the right words. Leaning back in her chair and pointing her finger to the sky she said, "God put it there."

Egejuru went back out on her roof to wait for the helicopter and in the distance saw a boat. "I screamed and blew the whistle," she said as she waved her arms. "We made eye contact. I thought they were coming for me — but they didn't."

Night fell, and there was no helicopter. The boat they saw earlier never came back. Egejuru went to sleep hoping to wake up to receding waters. She didn't. When she woke, the water had found its equilibrium inches below her upstairs bedroom.

Just after waking on Tuesday, Egejuru and Muka heard someone yelling outside. It was another boat. Muka grabbed the whistle, went out on the roof and began blowing it. The man on the boat heard them and came to their aid.

HELP FROM A COUNTRYMAN

Egejuru left her house with nothing more than her I.D. and $50. Muka boarded the boat with nothing but the clothes on his back and no shoes on his feet. They were then taken to Causeway Boulevard where they were to wait for school buses to pick them up.

After a two-hour bus ride to Houma, they were taken to a school for shelter. "They gave us everything we needed," Egejuru said. "Warm food, cots

HAROLD BAQUET

Concrete pillars are all that remain from this house in the flooded Ninth Ward.

and lots of clothing."

The conditions in the shelter were less than ideal. It was small, overcrowded, and there were no showers. Everyone was told they would have to stay there for at least three days until another bus would arrive to take them to Baton Rouge. Egejuru wasn't happy about the situation but knew she could and would deal with it.

On Wednesday morning, Egejuru noticed a man watching her change clothes. She was changing in Nigerian tradition by tying a sheet around her body and undressing underneath. The man approached her and asked, "Are you Nigerian?"

After a somewhat awkward introduction, the man, a Nigerian minister from eastern New Orleans, told Egejuru that he was having a rental car delivered to him at the shelter.

The man looked at her and said, "We can't stay here." Egejuru agreed, and the man offered her and Muka a ride to Houston.

MOVING ON

From Houston, Egejuru contacted her family to let them know that she and Muka were alive and well. "All of my relatives wanted to host me," Egejuru said, but "I knew I wanted to be in a university again — instead of at a home with my Courvoisier."

Egejuru soon got an offer to lecture at a school in Bellingham, Wash. She accepted the job and told them, "I must first return to New Orleans."

Egejuru came back into the city on Sept. 14. She went inside and saw the moldy remains of her home. "Everything had shifted," Egejuru said. Heavy dressers, full of clothes, were picked up and moved to the kitchen. Her grand piano rested on its side. There is still one room that remains a mystery in Egejuru's house; the door won't open.

"I did not know the power of water," she said as she recounts the ruins of her home. Egejuru is not mourning the loss of her house. She was fortunate enough to save the photographs of her father who had died when she was still a toddler. "If I had lost those, I would have never recovered," Egejuru said. "I can get a new house, so I'm not grieving. I'm not devastated." •

PHOTO BY CHUCK ALEXANDER

Lynda Favret, administrative assistant to the dean of the College of Arts & Sciences, evacuated from Touro Infirmary while her husband stayed behind in the hospital. She eventually was reunited with him in Alexandria.

Favret family separated after evacuation of Touro

Dean's assistant reunited with husband in Alexandria

By Jenna Teter

Seven days before Hurricane Katrina made landfall, Lynda Favret admitted her husband Tiger to Touro Medical Center because a blood infection he was suffering from had developed into a bone infection and was now affecting his spine. The matter required immediate action, and Favret underwent spinal surgery on Aug. 22.

Surprisingly enough, the Favrets had no idea that a major hurricane was threatening the city of New Orleans and learned about it for the first time once they were settled at the hospital.

"We knew it was coming maybe that Wednesday. We didn't expect it to come to New Orleans. It didn't seem to be that much of a big deal," Favret said.

A Metairie resident, Favret and her husband have never evacuated for a hurricane before, but she said that they will from now on.

Tiger survived the spinal surgery but stopped breathing two days later due to a reaction to the anesthesia. The hospital immediately put him in the Intensive Care Unit, and he got well enough to move out of the ICU on Aug. 27.

Meanwhile, Favret had made plans to stay at the hospital and ride out the storm with her husband. The hospital staff, however, wouldn't let her stay because they decided to lock down and secure the facility until after the storm had passed.

IN THE NICK OF TIME

Favret and her husband have been married for 41 years. She refused to leave him alone even though she couldn't stay at the hospital with him. So her daughter, her son-in-law and their two little boys reserved two rooms at the Hyatt Regency.

"Because I wouldn't leave New Orleans, my daughter and her husband said they wouldn't leave because I wouldn't leave," Favret said.

On Sunday, Favret received a call from her husband, urging her and the family to leave town. That same day, Mayor Ray Nagin called for a mandatory evacuation, and it was decided that they were going to drive to Natchitoches, where her son-in-law had an apartment.

The drive took 11 hours.

"The trip was a nightmare because the slow-moving traffic often stopped, and there was no gas anywhere," Favret said.

On Monday, they turned on the television and learned that some of the windows of the Hyatt Regency had blown out and that it was flooding.

"Glad we weren't there after all," Favret said.

'A TERRIBLE ORDEAL'

Meanwhile, Favret and her family could only get information from the news broadcasts. They had lost contact with Tiger because of cell phone and landline difficulties. It took them five days to find out where he was.

Touro had evacuated its patients the Wednesday after the storm because they were unable to secure the facility because of attempted drug raids.

From news reports, Favret wasn't aware if Touro had suffered any water damage, but she realized that the staff was surely running out of water and food.

"Of course, the electricity was off, so it was extremely hot in the hospital," Favret added.

They decided to relocate the patients to Rapides General Hospital in Alexandria. Thanks to her niece, who is the risk manager for the state hospital there, Favret and her family were able to reunite with him. It was a blessing that Natchitoches and Alexandria were forty miles apart.

It was there that Favret learned that one of her colleagues, Phyllis Aleman, was staying with her family at Indian Hills campground in a trailer.

Tiger's health had deteriorated during the 12-hour drive in an ambulance.

"He was dehydrated and hungry. He was dirty. It was horrible, awful. He was delirious. It's a terrible ordeal," Favret said.

One thought managed to sneak its way into Favret's mind — what if my husband doesn't make it?

"He was dehydrated and hungry. He was dirty. It was horrible, awful. He was delirious. It's a terrible ordeal."

"You have to understand that when these people were evacuated, he only had a hospital gown on, and that was it. Period. No socks, no underwear. Nothing," Favret said.

Favret, whose house was left unscathed by Katrina, spent the next three months sleeping on a cot in her husband's hospital room in Alexandria.

Before returning to the city on the day before Thanksgiving, Tiger had undergone two more spinal surgeries and had to go three days a week to rehabilitation.

He came home in a wheelchair and still has some nerve damage that might never be corrected.

GETTING AROUND

Since being in therapy, Tiger is walking with a cane.

"I didn't think he'd ever walk again, but he's walking," Favret said. "It doesn't matter how many canes it takes for him to walk, she said, as long as he's upright."

Favret and her family are counting their blessings.

"That kind of situation draws people close together because you are so needy," she said. "You want so much for the other person to do well that I think you gravitate towards that closeness."

Because the university was forced to make changes regarding the number of faculty and staff members, Favret has left her job as one of two administrative assistants in the communications department and has since served as administrative assistant to Frank Scully, dean of the College of Arts & Sciences. •

ABOVE: PHOTOS BY JENNA TETER

ABOVE: PHOTOS BY FRAZER O'HARA

ABOVE: PHOTOS BY ALETHIA PICCIOLA

George Gallien, campus minister, attends Mass. He and his wife, Laura, toured the country meeting with Loyola students.

Galliens tour country to uplift Loyola students

University ministers take act on the road

By Cole Adams

After spending nearly two months in exile in Charlotte, N.C., George and Laura Gallien were ready to hit the road for the students of Loyola University. The Galliens, who call Loyola their workplace, home and place of worship, traveled to 26 universities in 34 days to check up on displaced students and stay busy in the hard times after Katrina.

Like most New Orleanians, the Galliens are used to the yearly evacuations and holdups that hurricanes cause in August and September.

So when Katrina was making its way through the Atlantic Ocean and into the Gulf of Mexico, they were hard at work with Freshman Orientation and merely keeping an eye on the storm.

PACKING UP THE 'PACK

George is the director of the interfaith ministry and the black student ministry, and his wife Laura is director of music and liturgy for the ministry. They live on campus with their two sons, Gabriel, 2, and Jean-Luc, 1, who are the darlings of Loyola's residential quad.

PHOTO BY FRAZER O'HARA

As it became apparent that Katrina was headed for the city, the Galliens took the university and the mayor's advice and got out of town.

Before they left, though, they helped students living on campus evacuate. The couple helped with packing and getting students into university vans headed toward a Red Cross shelter in Baton Rouge.

Though they were in communication with the caravan of students headed for the shelter, the Galliens were going elsewhere. They were headed for Laura's parents' house in Charlotte.

Their trip was fairly easy compared to that of the students who were going to Baton Rouge. "It took us about the same amount of time to get to Charlotte as it took them to get to the shelter," Laura said.

Usually children can be difficult on a trip like this, but Laura Gallien said: "The kids had a calming effect on us."

During the excruciating days after the storm, as New Orleans was submerged in water, the children's normal behavior was a relief from the stresses of the situation.

The Galliens spent these difficult days after the storm in Laura's parents' house, watching television and communicating as much as possible back to the university.

"I felt like I was being brought in by a secret agent. It was like a jungle."

Unlike most evacuees, the Galliens had a working cell phone and were able to talk to some of the people who had stayed behind on campus.

These maintenance workers and officers were at the university until the National Guard arrived.

'LIKE A JUNGLE'

For the Galliens, the reality of the situation did not set in for a few days, and as George said: "Things didn't really get started with the university until October."

On Oct. 2, he made his first trip back into the city. He had to get picked up by someone involved with the ministry from St. Charles who he had not met before.

His ride knew where the roadblocks were and helped him get to his destinations. "I felt like I was being brought in by a secret agent," he said. What he saw, as he put it, was "disturbing." This was not the New Orleans he remembered. "It was like a jungle."

He was surprised at the limited amount of damage sustained by the university, but he was also pleased to leave what he felt was a dangerous place.

TOURING THE U.S.

After his trip to New Orleans, George and his wife began plans for a trip that would bring them all over the United States. When the faculty was told to visit universities near them, the Galliens got an idea.

Because there were almost no students in North Carolina and there was little else they could do to help the university, they decided to go out of their way to visit students all over the country.

To make things more interesting, they brought along their children.

Although this effort may seem like too much, the Galliens said their strong connection with Loyola students enabled them to go on this venture.

The trip was planned like a concert tour, except, instead of concerts at the universities, they planned informal meetings.

These meetings were meant to be informational but also therapeutic for the students. It was a chance for the students to speak out about their situation.

"We were mostly there to listen," Laura said. The family drove up the East Coast, into the Midwest and back across the country visiting universities. The quality of their meetings varied. In some cities, hardly anyone showed up, and in other universities like Marquette, there was a well-attended dinner prepared for them by the university.

The trip was a success, but it did not start out that way. The first night out, the Galliens, who love to camp, decided that they would set up a campsite in Virginia. As it became dark, it started to rain.

It rained harder and harder until water came in their tent, and they were forced out. In an attempt to dry the tent, Laura put it in a dryer, which caused it to melt. "What have we got ourselves into?" she asked herself at that point.

Accommodations got better though. Most of the universities they went to put them up in some kind of housing, and people were helpful. To keep the children happy, they made stops to different museums and family-friendly areas along the way.

By the time they got back to Charlotte for Thanksgiving, they had met with numerous students, traveled 6,000 miles and done a great service to the university. •

What's the news?

Compiled by Alfred Lawrence Lorenz,
A. Louis Read Distinguished Professor in Communications

The Times-Picayune | Jan. 10
By JOHN POPE

The Times-Picayune

When Matt Simmons showed up for class Monday morning at Loyola University, the senior communications major looked around, smiled and said two words: "I'm home."

Simmons, who had spent the fall semester at Texas A&M University, made a point of checking out familiar spots on the Uptown campus. Savoring the spring-like weather, he wandered through the quad, where he sat on a favorite bench as fellow students strolled past, many chatting on cell phones. He talked about the difference Hurricane Katrina made in students' appreciation of the school they had had to flee.

"There's a renewed sense of school pride," he said. "In the past, everyone enjoyed the school, but now that everyone had to spend the semester away, more people care about Loyola."

Many other students shared his enthusiasm, said Thomas Smith, Loyola's interim vice president for student affairs.

"There's incredible energy," he said. "The students are just happy to be back. They're ecstatic."

At least Loyola students were on their home campus. Two other local institutions of higher learning started classes Monday at temporary homes: Dillard University has set up housing and classrooms at the New Orleans Hilton Hotel, and Louisiana State University's School of Public Health is at the University of New Orleans Research and Technology Park.

Regardless of where they happened to land, local university officials said Monday they were happy with the number of students who returned. Loyola's enrollment of 4,436 amounted to 81 percent of its pre-Katrina total of 5,500; Dillard had 1,059 students, 48 percent of last fall's 2,200 tally; and LSU's public health enrollment of 63 was only two students below the 65 who had registered for fall classes.

At each site, there were plenty of hugs as students encountered each other for the first time in four months, followed by the inevitable question: "Where did you spend last semester?"

Sara Miles St. Clair, a senior broadcasting major at Loyola, spent the semester in New York City as an intern for talk-show host Sean Hannity.

"I missed New Orleans. I missed school a lot," said St. Clair, who returned last weekend and talked about her first glimpses of parts of New Orleans that had flooded.

"It's very strange," she said. "Driving around is kind of creepy, looking at the holes in roofs where people tried to climb out," she said.

St. Petersburg Times | Sept. 2
By ERNEST HOOPER

St. Petersburg Times

Five days after leaving behind most of her possessions in New Orleans, Loyola University senior Tatiana Faust found herself registering for classes at the University of South Florida.

Faust, 22, was supposed to be starting her final semester at Loyola.

For the first time, she had a Garden District apartment she wouldn't have to share. Majoring in communications and psychology, Faust was excited about her internship at the New Orleans Adolescent Hospital.

All that changed when Hurricane Katrina turned New Orleans into watery Pompeii. But don't think for a second that Faust is complaining.

"I had my little apartment, but those are just material things," she said. "They're not important. I just hope the city can return to some kind of order, because right now it's only disorder.

"All we can do is hope that the people who have no family, nowhere to go - nothing - can find a place. I have three friends from Cameroon, and they have nowhere to go besides going back to Cameroon."

Thanks to her parents and USF, Faust does have a place to go. A Tampa Prep graduate now living with her parents in Clearwater. Faust had heard about universities turning away students whose colleges have been ravaged by Katrina.

Faust left New Orleans on Sunday and barely got out. Her father bought her a Southwest plane ticket and insisted she leave. When she heard Delta had canceled its Sunday flights, she feared Southwest would follow suit.

She caught one of the last planes out of New Orleans.

Faust is trying to grasp the magnitude of Katrina's destruction. A friend who stayed called her from Baton Rouge Wednesday and said the images on television hardly depict the devastation from the hurricane.

The friend chose not to evacuate and ended up in a shelter. Fearful of looting mobs, he left and caught an evacuation bus to Baton Rouge.

"He said there are bodies everywhere and that it was awful," Faust said. "He said it's not how it was, and it would never be the same."

It's difficult for Faust to hear such grim reports. She fell in love with New Orleans' charm and people. She calls New Orleans home and was considering attending graduate school there.

Now she simply prays for the city to recover. And she hopes for a chance to complete what she started.

"I want to finish my classes at Loyola," she said.

THE BUFFALO NEWS

The Buffalo News | Sept. 11
By STEPHEN T. WATSON

Sarah Sweeney and Jaime-Lee Capen met while watching news of Hurricane Katrina in the same dorm at Loyola University New Orleans.

Now roommates at Canisius College, Sweeney and Capen are two of 42 students from New Orleans-area colleges enrolled at Western New York campuses.

By Aug. 26 and 27, just days before Hurricane Katrina hit the Gulf Coast, the schools began to issue evacuation orders. The students left quickly, with just a backpack or overnight bag.

Capen, who is from Duxbury, Mass., drove out on the night of Aug. 28, hours before the storm hit. Michelle M.F. Schwach, an Amherst native and UB graduate, began classes at Loyola's Law School on Aug. 22 and had moved into her apartment near the campus.

The first-year student became increasingly nervous as the storm approached and decided to fly out on Aug. 27. "I had a really bad feeling about it," Schwach said.

Most of the 25 students attending Canisius came from Loyola, and wanted to attend another Jesuit school, said Conlon, the Canisius official. The schools are showing flexibility in billing for tuition and room and board.

Generally, the Gulf Coast students already paid tuition to their home institution, and the schools here say they won't double bill any student.

"As soon as school's opening, I'm going back," said Capen, whose older sister also attends Loyola. "I want to help New Orleans. I want to get back there and do community service."

NEW HAMPSHIRE UNION LEADER

The Union Leader | Sept. 8
By BENJAMIN KEPPLE

Jessica Orgeron, 21, had just moved into her dorm at Loyola University in New Orleans when orders came to evacuate, due to the impending arrival of Hurricane Katrina.

It was the first step in a journey which saw the English major and college senior travel from the Big Easy to small Franklin Pierce College in Rindge.

Like thousands of students attending school in New Orleans, Orgeron found her college plans in tatters after Hurricane Katrina hit.

But thanks to Franklin Pierce, the native of suburban New Orleans will keep her studies on track, despite the storm's upheaval.

"I called several colleges, but these guys here were really friendly and seemed like they really cared," said Orgeron, who was greatly appreciative of being able to attend Franklin Pierce.

TELEGRAM&GAZETTE

Telegram & Gazette (Worcester, Mass.) | Oct. 11
By PAMELA H. SACKS

Kevin Marshall describes his stopover at the College of the Holy Cross as "my own version of a semester abroad."

To Kevin, whose home is in Metairie, La., New England may, in deed, seem like a foreign land. Yet, he has settled in at Holy Cross with ease.

Kevin, 19, arrived in Worcester in the immediate aftermath of Hurricane Katrina to continue his education without a break. He was supposed to have started classes at Loyola University the day after Katrina roared through New Orleans at the end of August.

Kevin's parents and sister left Metairie, in Jefferson Parish just west of New Orleans, the day before the hurricane hit. His mother grabbed the photo albums. They took their dog, Candy, climbed into two cars and headed north to Natchez, Miss., where they put Candy in a kennel. They settled down in a Red Cross shelter set up in a church.

"Monday, as the storm was coming through, the power went out," Kevin, 19, recounted. "That wasn't pleasant to be in a Red Cross shelter with 200 people and no electricity."

They remained there for two days and then moved to a hotel in Vidalia, La., across the river. Kevin, who is majoring in the classics, wasn't about to lose valuable educational time.

He got online and started searching for a school to attend and discovered the offer from the other Jesuit colleges. He started e-mailing and calling. Holy Cross officials first asked him to fly up for an interview; he replied that that would be difficult.

"Two days later, Holy Cross said, 'Just come up,'" Kevin said.

Kevin and his mother drove to Alexandria, La., where he flew to Houston and then to Boston. The following Mondaya week after he would have returned to Loyolahe was cracking the books at Holy Cross.

That wasn't the end of the trouble for his mother, Lynda, his father, Charles, and his sister, Laura, 16. They went back to their house after Labor Day and discovered 8 inches of water on the first floor and a tree in the swimming pool.

As Rita approached, they left Houston, where they had found an apartment, and returned again to their house to wait out the storm. Later, they returned to Houston, where Mrs. Marshall's employer, an insurance company, placed her in a job and Laura started high school.

"I think we handled it pretty well," Kevin said with a shy smile.

The Boston Globe

The Boston Globe | Sept. 8
By SARAH SCHWEITZER

For Stephen Heno, September has held no shortage of misfortune. His college is shuttered, his New Orleans home history, his family scattered in temporary refuges across the Gulf Coast.

But yesterday, sitting in a dorm room in a cloistered corner of Boston College, birds warbling outside the window, the 21-year-old was reeling not just from his losses. It was the calm: the utter orderliness so sharply contrasting with the anarchy he had left behind in his native city.

"It's so nice here and I am so grateful, but you think about it and it's like: Everyone I know is gone. Construction workers, ice cream scoopers, attorneys — they're all gone. It's just inconceivable," said the English major from New Orleans, who until last month was a senior at Loyola University and now is one of 150 displaced students enrolled at Boston College.

His plan, he said, is painfully and necessarily simple: "It's one semester at time."

When it became clear that Loyola would not open for the semester, Boston College embarked on arrangements. It chose as a dormitory St. Williams Hall, a former retreat for priests that the college purchased last year from the Archdiocese of Boston. The graceful building was tentatively scheduled to be used as administrative offices, but the college sought permission from the city to change course. Permits were acquired, fire codes checked, Mayor Thomas M. Menino consulted, and workers brought in to ready the plain, airy rooms for Boston College's newest students.

Yesterday, doors along the wide corridors were marked with nametags styled as Louisiana license plates. In the rooms, drawls and the click of cowboy boots could be heard.

The owner of one pair of boots, Samuel Sotolongo, 22, of Kenner, La., just outside New Orleans, said he "came with the rain."

The Loyola senior, a biology major, said his family had escaped to Houston when the water threatened. His parents and brother returned to New Orleans a week later to try to salvage their home and his father's newly acquired car mechanic shop. They told him to return to school; they did not want him to struggle as they had after escaping Cuba in 1980 on the Mariel boat lift.

Sotolongo, who had never traveled farther north than Philadelphia, made his way to Boston on the promise of a space at Boston College. Yesterday, ensconced in a single dorm room, Sotolongo said he was preoccupied with thoughts of home.

"My parents," he said, "what are they going to do? Will they have to pick up and leave? Is my dad's business going to survive when there are no customers?"

Chicago Tribune

Chicago Tribune | Sept. 13
By JASON GEORGE

Joe Fusz of Antioch not only left almost all his clothing and even his eyeglasses in New Orleans, but his car as well.

"I left Thursday before the storm to visit my girlfriend in Columbia, Mo., where she's in law school too," said the 24-year-old, who was scheduled to complete his third, and final, year of law school at Loyola University New Orleans. "I flew, so I only brought clothes for a couple of days," he added. "I'll just have to see how my stuff does."

Fusz has decided to continue his studies at the DePaul University College of Law in Chicago. He had already paid tuition at Loyola, so he will not be required to pay any at DePaul, he said. It's assistance that makes him feel welcomed by DePaul, even if it's just for a short while.

"I had a lot of friends there," he said, speaking of New Orleans. "It's a community atmosphere."

The Washington Post

The Washington Post | Sept. 7
By SUSAN KINZIE

It took Mike Jones a couple of years in high school on the Eastern Shore to choose a college.

When he switched majors to launch a career in the music industry, he started another long process of weighing programs and filling out applications, finally transferring to Loyola University New Orleans last week.

Then the hurricane hit.

In the past few days, he got himself another college: By yesterday morning, he was in class at Baltimore's Loyola College in Maryland, learning about philosophy.

As tens of thousands of students displaced by Katrina scramble to find new schools, colleges are opening doors, bending rules and extending deadlines to accommodate them. Like Jones, many students are ending up at schools a lot like the ones they left behind.

After going from New Orleans to San Antonio and then home to Maryland, Jones began looking at schools immediately.

He considered Anne Arundel Community College initially, worried about the $15,000 or so his parents had spent on this semester's tuition.

Washington College, in his home town of Chestertown, Md., called him. So did Northeastern University. Then he started hearing that Jesuit colleges would honor the tuition already paid. He lost his guitar, his mandolin, his keyboard, his photos. But he's safe, he's home and now he's back in class. In the spring, he hopes, he'll be back in New Orleans.

The Ledger (Lakeland, Fla.) | Sept. 3
By ERIC PERA

The Ledger

Ashley Ponson can't wait to return to New Orleans for her sophomore year at Loyola University.

Having evacuated in advance of Hurricane Katrina, Ponson, 19, of Bartow, hopes her school will be back in operation by the second semester.

But that is wishful thinking, as the nation's premier party city lies in ruins.

Meanwhile, Ponson is carrying on her education at Florida Southern College, which made special accommodations to fast-track her enrollment and financial-aid package.

Ponson, a 2004 graduate of the International Baccalaureate School in Bartow, had barely moved into her dormitory when evacuations began the afternoon of Aug. 27.

Her mother, Jamie, had left Loyola earlier that day by car and was nearing Pensacola for Bartow when her cell phone rang. Loyola was transferring students to Baton Rouge to wait out the storm, but Jamie Ponson thought it best to go back and take her daughter home to Bartow.

But by the time she reached Louisiana, many of the roads leading into New Orleans were being closed. Mother and daughter arranged to meet in Hammond, well north of New Orleans.

Ashley Ponson, who is majoring in psychology and sociology, said she left in a hurry, stuffing a backpack with a few essentials and leaving behind clothing, computer, books, stereo, shoes. "I have three pairs of pants and four T-shirts," she said. "Everything else is in New Orleans."

Ashley said she fell in love with New Orleans and can't stand watching the carnage on television. As a volunteer for the city's parole and probation office, she befriended a lot of people whose fates are unknown.

The Oregonian | Sept. 1
By ANGIE CHUANG

The Oregonian

Jahzebe Gharahgozly, a freshman at Loyola University in New Orleans, had sent her parents back to Portland with a tearful goodbye, unpacked her possessions in her new dorm room and given herself a pep talk about meeting new people.

Forty-eight hours later, the 18-year-old Grant High School graduate was getting to know her fellow Loyola freshmen — in a Baton Rouge, La., hurricane shelter without power, bedding or showers as the storm that devastated New Orleans passed over them.

"I'm used to rain in Portland, but this was unlike anything I've ever seen," Gharahgozly said. "Just sheets of rain, loud wind and flashlights and candles."

A handful of students from Oregon had just arrived to start the school year at Loyola University when Hurricane Katrina forced them to scramble and scatter across the South amid rising flood waters and an uncertain future.

Gharahgozly, speaking Wednesday by phone from a friend's house in San Antonio, was among them. The semester was supposed to have started this week.

Andrew Oliver of Portland, a senior at Loyola, said he evacuated by car with friends to Lake Charles. A jazz music major, Oliver, 21, took a trumpet and a harmonium from India with him. But he left behind a cello and a keyboard, and fond memories of playing at French Quarter clubs.

"It's hard to watch," he said. "But at least I can go back to Portland. I feel a lot of people who live in the area have it much worse."

Gharahgozly, the freshman, said she had felt her new dorm room was cold and unfamiliar. "Now we wish we could get back there to that comfort zone," she said.

"This experience made us miss our new home in New Orleans. It's such a great city with so much culture. And now it's ruined."

Chicago Daily Herald | Sept. 2
By MATT ARADO

Daily Herald

Kristen Kozeny, a senior at Loyola University in New Orleans, hopes she'll get the chance to realize her dream of teaching in that city's school system.

Kozeny, 21, abandoned her New Orleans apartment on Saturday as Hurricane Katrina neared the Gulf Coast. After spending a day at a hotel in Texas, she is now safely at her home in Des Plaines.

Kozeny has no idea when, or if, she'll be able to resume her studies at Loyola. An education major, she'd hoped to get her degree next year and land a teaching job in a New Orleans school.

"I'm in absolute limbo right now," Kozeny said Thursday. "I was thinking of contacting Loyola University of Chicago to see if I could take classes there, but I'm not sure if my credits will transfer at this point."

Kozeny and her friends fled New Orleans by car on Saturday afternoon. All she took with her was a single duffel bag with some clothes and her computer in it.

The ride to Houston wasn't too bad, she said, despite having to wait in line for an hour to fill the car up with gas at the start.

"By the time our turn came, only a couple of the pumps had any gas left in them," she said. "It was such a strange scene."

Loyola of New Orleans' Web site is down, but Kozeny heard on the university's voice mail that the campus itself hasn't sustained major damage, she said.

"I hope that means I'll be able to return there," she said. "I've fallen in love with New Orleans; I really consider it home now."

Memories of the storm

By Kelly Brown and Jared Bailey

NANCY DUPONT

THE MAROON

Washed Away: A three-part *Maroon* series documenting the loss of students, faculty and staff

There was no reason to think the house wouldn't survive. It had, after all, weathered the wrath of Hurricane Camille and the six feet of storm surge that sloshed in with it.

And so on the day before Katrina, when Nancy Dupont picked up her parents from their coastal house in Gulfport, Miss., she never imagined it would be the last time she looked at her childhood home.

"My feeling was we had actually seen the worst," said Dupont, who is an associate professor of communications and head of the broadcast journalism sequence. "They called Camille a hundred-year storm, which meant that it would be the worst that you would ever see. That was my feeling - that it would probably be battered, messed up, maybe flooded. But never in my wildest dreams did I think I was saying goodbye."

Growing up on the sprawling ranch, 50 or 60 yards from the beach, Dupont's childhood and adolescence were played out on the beach and her small neighborhood, which stretched five blocks out from the water.

"My life growing up was the beach. I went out in boats and I sailed, and I swam, and those are still my favorite things to do. ... My church was on the beach, all of my schools were on the beach."

During her senior year of high school in 1969, Hurricane Camille struck and devastated the town.

"At first after Camille, [people] were devastated and wondering what they could do with their lives ... It was quite tragic; there were a family of five killed just three doors down," Dupont recalls. "It was a very, very sad time. It definitely affected my senior year of high school - Camille was everywhere."

Her parents, like most in the town, decided to stay and rebuild. Like many New Orleanians today, they "stripped their house down to the studs."

And so, on a Sunday morning thirty-six years later, Dupont and her parents, like everyone impacted by Katrina, had no idea of what the storm would do.

"My father took his important papers, his insurance papers, as he always did when he left the house," she said. "But nobody really grabbed anything (or) got a sense of this was the last time."

She evacuated with her husband and parents to her uncle's home in Hattiesburg, Miss. Although Hattiesburg is 60 miles from the ocean, it still suffered hurricane-force winds that knocked out power, water and telephone services. Getting information via radio, the group learned of Gulfport's condition.

"We pretty much knew Monday night," she said. "We held out hope, but ... they kept describing it as the scene of devastation, much worse than Camille, and that the entire town ... had been destroyed."

Returning with her father a week after the storm, Dupont found that Gulfport was indeed utterly devastated. After signing waivers from the Environmental Protection Agency, she was finally able to see the remains of her parent's home.

"There were four tractor trailers from the port of Gulfport on top of the house. It was smashed to the ground," she said. "Not only that, but one of the tractor trailers had contained poultry, and the unfrozen chickens were all over the ground. There were pork bellies that had spilled from the containers; they were all over the ground."

Her parent's next door neighbors had died, along with five people from a condominium on the next block.

With her parents, both in their eighties, now homeless, Dupont struggled to help them find a home.

"We spent an awful lot of time with them after the storm trying to figure out what they were going to do. It's not a decision you can put off when you have nowhere to live," she said.

Eventually, they all moved to New Orleans, where Dupont returned to her undamaged Uptown home. Because her mother uses a wheelchair, her parents were unable to move into Dupont's house. Instead, they purchased property nearby.

"They had saved for a rainy day, and the rainy day came. They could take care of themselves," Dupont said. "My heart goes out to people that don't have that option; it's just heartbreaking."

Now, Dupont finds herself shifting between responsibilities; she says a combination of an increased workload at Loyola and caring for her parents has left her exhausted.

"For my parents, to watch them, at their age, struggling to start from nothing has been just devastating.

And I think it's a very common situation in New Orleans," she said.

But despite everything, she said she considers herself fortunate.

"There's many, many things I'm grateful for," she said. "That my parents had some money in the bank to recover ... that my house in New Orleans is fine."

Although she said she's a long way from feeling normal, she has hopes for what will come in the next year.

"I hope that all of us can get some perspective on it as time goes by, and days go by, and we become more successful in dealing with it. I hope that we will begin to see that faith is restored, and despair does fade and that we can go on and rebuild new lives, but I don't think that can be forced on anybody. It comes with time and it comes with individual struggle, and I think if you expect it too soon, you're being unrealistic. This has been a disaster of tremendous proportions, beyond the scope of the human mind, and I think we need time."

RANDY ENGLERT

Hurricane Katrina did more than just fill Randy Englert's house with almost nine feet of water and oil. It also scattered his loved ones and destroyed his entire extended family's possessions and memorabilia.

Englert, biology sophomore, comes from a Chalmette family that is deeply rooted in tradition. At least three times a week, the Englert family would go to his grandmother's house and gather around her table for a big meal.

"My whole family lived within a four-mile radius of each other. I would see them all the time - it's just what we did," Englert said.

On the Saturday before Hurricane Katrina made landfall, Englert's family decided to evacuate.

"We didn't think we were going to be gone for more than three days," Englert said. "Just like usual."

Englert and his mother packed their car accordingly, bringing a few changes of clothes and an extra pair of shoes. In a rush to evacuate, they left some cherished things behind.

"My mother and I had a bit of a communication problem," Englert said. "We had packed a box full of old pictures to take just in case. Pictures of my grandparents, my mother as a child and my baby pictures - we had over six hundred photos in there. I thought she put the box in the car, and she thought I did."

Englert didn't get far before he realized the box had been left behind on his mother's bed. He didn't turn back because, at worst, he believed that his home would take on two feet of water.

Nine hours after leaving Chalmette, the Englert family found themselves in El Dorado, Ark.

"Six people, a dog and a parrot in one hotel room - it wasn't fun," Englert said.

From the cramped hotel room, Englert watched as national news crews broadcasted live from New Orleans.

"I was a little frustrated at first because they just kept showing the French Quarter," Englert said. "Then they started reporting about the looting and the violence. I became sort of, well, embarrassed."

It wasn't long before Englert knew he wasn't going to be going home anytime soon. His mother accepted a temporary transfer offer from her employer in Huntsville, Ala. Slowly the six members of Englert's family began splitting apart.

Englert and his mother spent nearly two months in Huntsville before they were allowed to go back into the city to survey their home. Neither he nor his mother knew exactly how much water the house had taken on during the storm.

"We knew that it was a lot when our neighbor called and told us that he had docked a boat from his second story window," Englert said.

In late October, Englert and his mother were able to get back into their home.

"In a way, we were kind of lucky. We had two months to prepare for what we were going to see," Englert said.

Englert was stunned when he began driving through his deserted neighborhood.

"The streets were empty," he said. "All of the houses empty. They were missing roofs, walls, windows ... they were just the way the storm left them. And most of them still are."

When Englert finally saw his home for the first time in two months, he was stunned. From the outside everything appeared to be in tact. "It was crazy," Englert said. "There wasn't one shingle out of place, no shattered windows - nothing."

From a distance, the red chunky brick had camouflaged a thick layer of crude oil that had leaked from the refinery only a few blocks away.

When Englert went inside he realized the severity of the damage. Everything was covered in black and green mold. There was a thick layer of mud on every flat surface, a dining room chair hanging from a sconce and furniture completely flipped upside down.

"I just walked from room to room snapping pictures. It was really hard to see anything because some of the windows were still boarded up, but the smell - the smell was awful," Englert said.

He took photos in every room. When Englert got to his mother's room, he found the box that they had left behind.

"It was still on the bed, exactly where we put it," he said.

From the 600 photos they packed, six were salvaged.

"Almost everything we had was ruined, but I am most upset about losing those pictures," Englert said. "I would have liked to have had them to show my kids one day. To show them what life was like, what their great grandparents looked liked, their grandparents looked like. They will definitely hear me talk about them, but

they'll never be able to make that connection."

Englert now lives in Slidell with his mother. His once close-knit family is now scattered across the South.

"We went from a four-mile radius to a four-state radius," Englert said. "Looking back, everything before the storm seemed so perfect, and I didn't even notice."

CARISSA SMITH

For viewers all over the world, the thousands of victims who gathered at the Superdome in the days after Katrina were a horrifying image on the television screen. For Carisa Smith, it was reality.

Born and raised in the St. Thomas housing project, Smith, now a housekeeper in Buddig Hall, moved to her home on St. Roch Street in the Eighth Ward five months before Hurricane Katrina.

"I loved my neighborhood," she said. "My aunt Norma lived only two houses down. She lost everything, too. ... It was safe, yes it was. The only scary moment I had was the storm."

Smith, who lived with her husband, daughter and grandchild in a two-bedroom house, took pride in keeping her home neat.

"I love to clean. I kept my house clean. I also loved sitting on my porch, listening to my music, drink my beer ... I really do miss it. It was a sweet neighborhood."

Smith said she heard of Katrina on Aug. 21 but wasn't told to evacuate until the day before the storm.

Although her daughter, Shondra, drove to Baton Rouge with a neighbor, Smith stayed behind with her husband Arthur, who was reluctant to leave.

"My daughter kept saying, 'Mom, come on!', my neighbor kept saying 'Come on!' ... They got to Baton Rouge and then turned all the way back around," she said.

By the time her daughter and neighbor returned to get Smith, it was too late.

"Traffic was backed up, and we didn't have money for gas and all that."

As Hurricane Katrina roared through New Orleans, the water that would eventually fill 80 percent of the city was already in her neighborhood.

"When I went to the window and looked out, the water had rose - it was over my car, and it came up to here," she said, pointing to her chin.

When the water filled her home, Smith, along with her daughter, husband and neighbor, plunged into the storm to reach her cousin's two-story house down the block.

"I was on my cousin's neck with my other cousin holding my back, like this," she said, wrapping her arms around her shoulders. "He said, 'Cousin, hold on!' and I said, 'Lord Jesus, the wind's taking me.'"

They joined about 15 people on the second floor of her cousin's house to wait out the storm.

"I mean, it was scary. And the house was shaking, and all you could hear was the wind," Smith said.

After the winds died down, her cousin's husband crawled out of the window to a neighbor's roof, waving a white T-shirt to attract one of the helicopters by then circling the city.

Smith looks away as she remembers the water that reached her chin.

"It was scary; it was black. When the boat people came and rescued us, we saw dead bodies," she said, shuddering. "It gives me chills, even today."

The boats deposited the group on the I-10 overpass at Esplanade Avenue, where ambulances were waiting to ferry survivors to the Superdome.

"There were 50 ambulances out there, and there must have been 30 of us in one ambulance," Smith said, shaking her head.

The group was at the Superdome for five days; Smith doesn't like to talk about this period.

"Oh, it was ridiculous ..." she said. "There was fighting, raping. All you can do is lie on your little green thing or go stand outside."

Smith credits her faith for getting her through the days.

"There was a little Mexican guy outside, and he prayed all day and all night, every minute, and asked people to pray with him, so I prayed a lot."

Eventually, she and her family were relocated to San Antonio, where "they helped us beautifully."

"They took us to San Antonio, Texas, and I thank the Lord for that. I was so grateful."

In San Antonio, relief agencies gave her an apartment, food and clothes.

With saved money, she purchased a new car, and she and her husband returned to New Orleans two months after the storm. The first time she set foot on her street, she couldn't bear to go inside her house.

"It was scary. Two months after the storm, they still hadn't cleaned up the debris. Across the street, there was a house on top of a car. I told my husband, 'please, let's go,' so we got back in the car and left."

On her third visit back to New Orleans, she gathered the courage to go inside her house.

"It stinks, and everything was all over," she said.

Smith and her family moved to a new apartment on the West Bank on Dec. 14. Her son Rondell told her that Loyola was hiring, and she applied and got a job as a housekeeper.

"I love it here. I love working here," she said. "I love to clean; (the students) are very friendly, and I love (my coworkers)."

She said her days at the Superdome are still powerfully with her.

"I think about it a lot. I don't tell my husband and them, but when it's on the news, I think about it," she said.

"It took a lot out of me, but it made me wise. When they call the storm, I'm going to leave."

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY NEW ORLEANS

graduating seniors

Law Students *class of 2006*

Debra Baggett

Stephanie Bridges

John Creevy

Jefferson Goldman

Timeirya Keels

David Meyer

Elena Perez

Richard Perque

Kristen Pitts

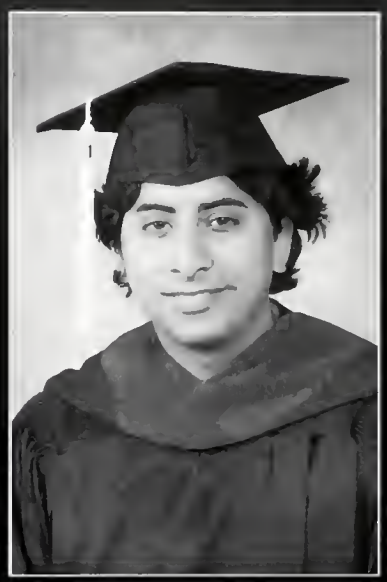
Keith Sanchez

Julius Sim

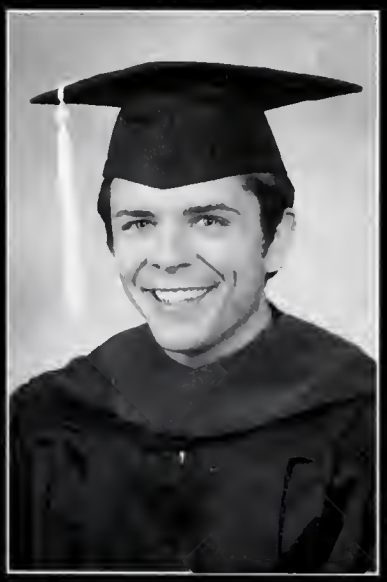
Joseph Walsh

Loyola Seniors *class of 2006*

Ryan Ahrens

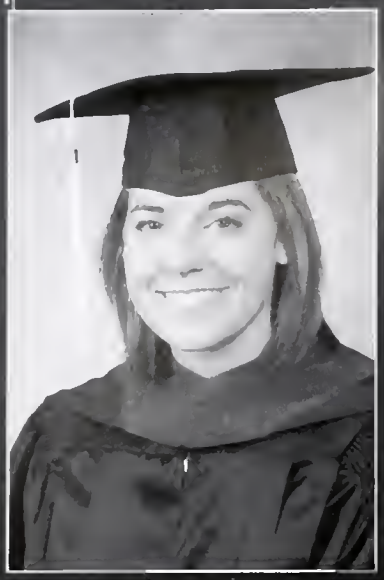


Christian Alarcon



Jared Bailey

Sarah Barnett



Valerie Bernard

Yorri Berry

Shana Bey

Laurén Bienvenue

Alexander Biondolillo

Vanessa Blum

Vanessa Bowers

Erin Bremer

Yandace Brown

Elizabeth Cahill

Lisa Campo

Annelise Cassar

Holly Cassard

Kiranprit Chawla

Michelle Clarke

Erin Cofiell

Gabriella Colocho

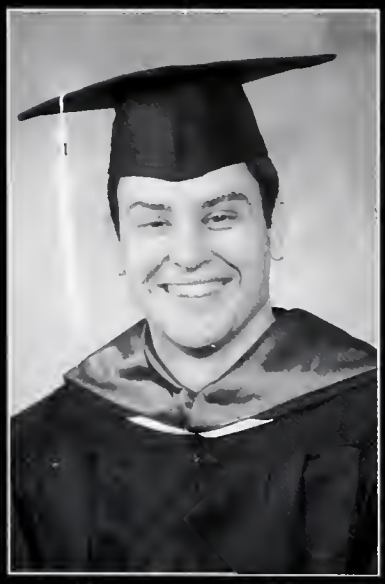
Brittany Cornell

Brian Creel

Richard Currier

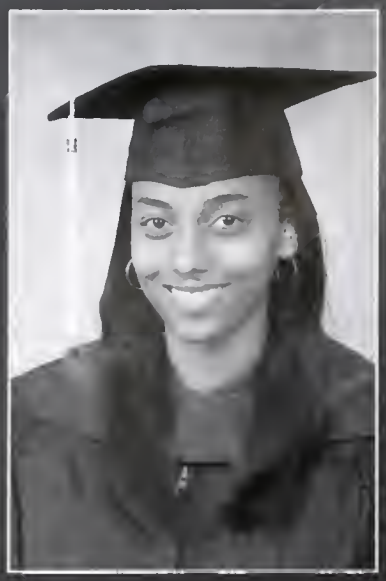
Ann-Kathryn Dal Corso

Kyle Daly



Ray Daugherty

Marianne Dauphin



Erica
Davis

Martha
Del Rio Villasenor

Bonnie
DeSalle

Amarena
Diaz

Jose
Dos Santos

Victor
Esquivel

Summer Fiedler

Miriam Filvarof

Benjamin Fittje

Ellen Fort

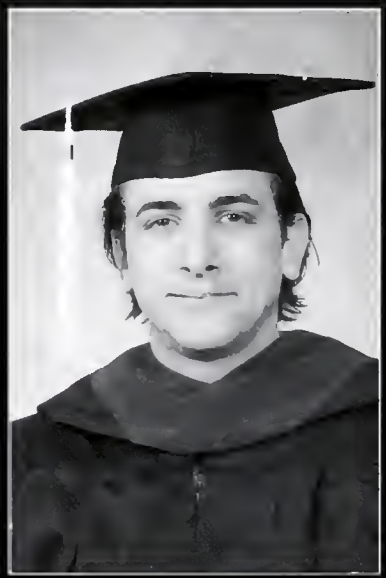
Jennifer Garza

Rebecca Gnuse

Brandi Gray

Joy Guerin

Gene Guillot



Nicholas Guzzardi

Nathan Haines

Danica Harris

Valerie Harris

Lauri Hengl

Ana Hidalgo

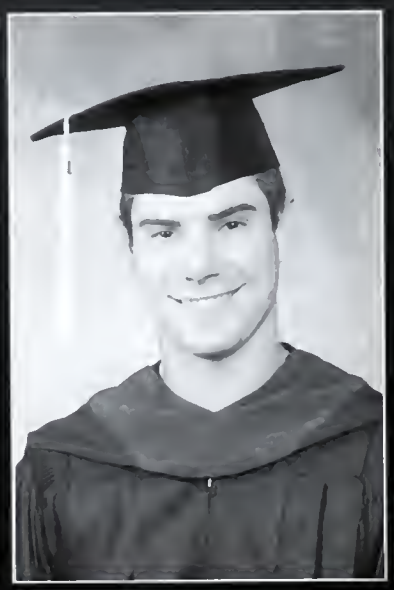
Elizabeth Hoy

Greg Lampard

Mario Lara

Amanda Lataxes

Patricia Masson



Bryan McCaulley

Natalie Miller

Norma Miranda

Michelle Moore

Carly Nason

Daniel Nelson

Lisa Nguyen

Mihn Nguyen

Stephen Nguyen

Thu-Thuy Nguyen

Frazer O'Hara

Stacy Ong

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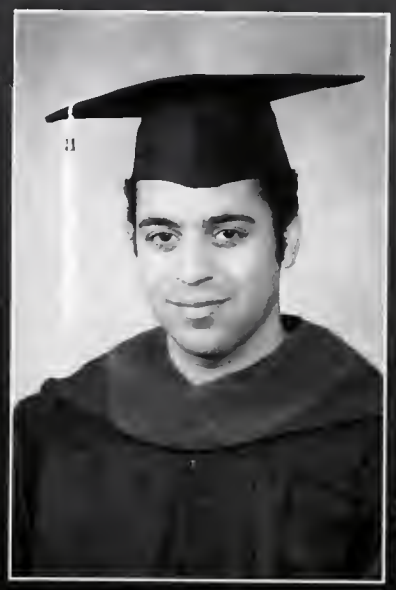
Kathryn Palmer

Kyung Choon Park

Elizabeth Pease

Meredith Peltier



Stephen Pichon

Michele Pomes

Lauren Pope

Michele Prattini

Troave' Profice

Shalan Randolph

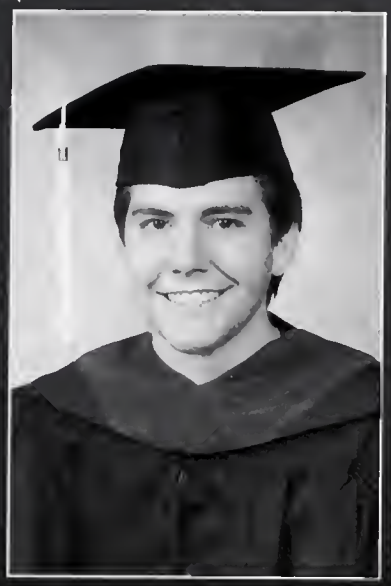
Albert Razon

Rebecca Rings

David Robinson-Morris

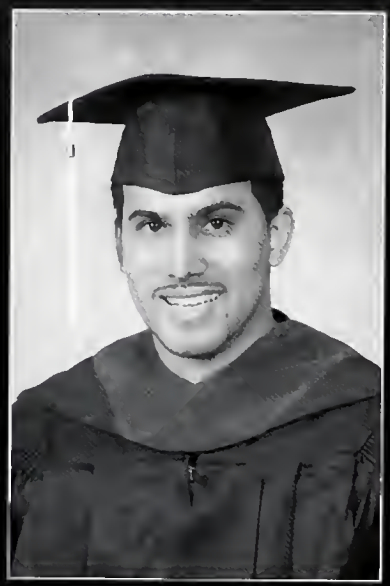
Paula Rodriguez

Gregory Rome

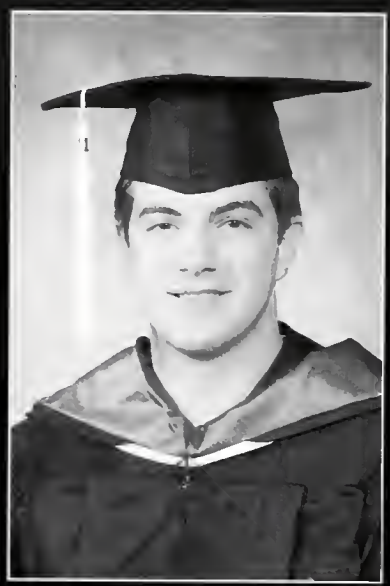


Ryan Saucier

Robin Saxon



Faisal Shuja



Donald Simoneaux

Thomas Slack

Samuel Tabatabai

Mashonda Taylor

Benjamin Tekippe

Elizabeth Theideman

Matthew Tierney

Maria Torres

Mary Tucker

Thomas Turnage

Joyce Turner

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Tani Vo

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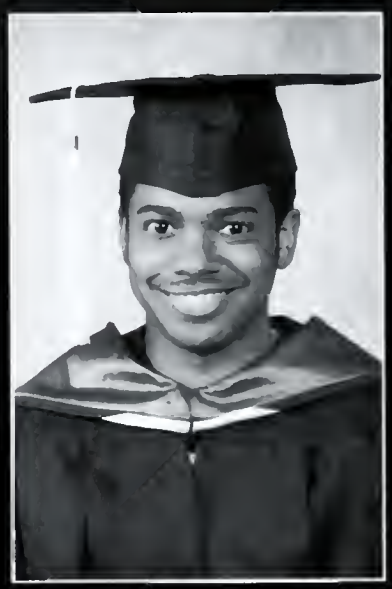
Denisha Walters

Hannah Webster



Stacey Willis

Darianne Wolfe

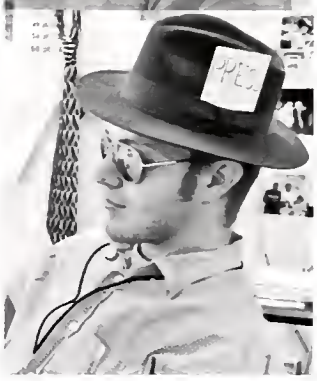
Chuck Alexander

Alethia Picciola

Gene Guillot

Brian Burgess

Daniel Monteverde



Team Wolf 2006

THE END

NO REFRIGERATORS WERE HARMED
IN THE MAKING OF THIS YEARBOOK